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The Phillips Exeter MIRROR

October

1913

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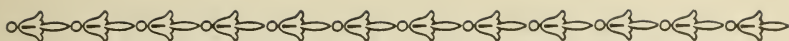
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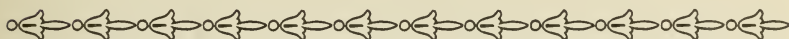
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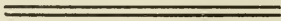
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PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

BOYHOOD DAYS

IN a humble, one-story building in the center of the little village of Florida, Missouri, Samuel Clemens was born on the thirtieth of November, 1835. During the first few years of his life, little Sam was a frail child and spent much of his time on a farm belonging to his uncle, John Quarles, where he gradually developed strength amid the varied pleasures of an outdoor, country life. Here he found the woods and fields, and especially his uncle's negro slaves, a never-failing source of entertainment.

In 1839 the Clemens family removed to Hannibal, Missouri, then a thriving little port on the Mississippi River. Sam's education began in a school conducted by Miss Horrs, where the pupils were advanced along the stony path of knowledge as far as long division and the third reader. Sam hated school from the beginning, and during the very first day there so provoked the poor Miss Horrs that she felt called upon to send him outdoors for a switch that she might administer a deserved chastisement. There was a small carpenter-shop across the road from the schoolhouse, beside which, on emerging from the building, five-year-old Sam spied a pile of shavings. A nice, long, curly one had blown into the middle of the road. It was an inspiration! He picked it up and carried it in to his teacher. She, needless to say, was compelled to send another of her pupils, "to get a switch for little Sammy."

Sam next went to school at Mr. Cross's, in honor of whom he one day conceived the following:

"Cross by name and cross by nature,
Cross jumped over an Irish potato."

This masterpiece was received with great admiration and approval by Sam's class-mates.

It was not until Sam had reached the mature age of nine and had become healthy and well able to take care of himself, that the real boyhood days, those made immortal by "Tom Sawyer," commenced. At this time Sam was a short, sandy-haired youth with a large head, grey eyes, and rather generous features. He was not a loquacious lad, but when he did speak his slow drawl and winning smile were most attractive.

In the life of the rough, uncultured little village of Hannibal, Sam was often witness to many gruesome sights that made a lasting impression upon his sensitive mind and undoubtedly affected his writings later on. Besides these terrors, there was the ever-present dread of the runaway slave, more to be feared than a savage beast.

The most potent influence in Samuel Clemens's boyhood, however, was the Mississippi River. Of course, he and his companions spent many a happy day among the wooded hills about the village, but the river meant the most of all. To him, it was the gateway to the outer world, the only connecting link between himself and the great unknown. It held a charm and fascination for him that it never lost. Once when a very little boy, he crept on board one of the river steamboats while she was unloading at the dock at Hannibal. He hid under an overturned lifeboat on the deck. Soon the boat cast off and swung out into the great, broad river. He was thrilled to the very soul! But unfortunately his feet were observed sticking out from under the lifeboat, and he was landed at the next village where relatives returned him to his home.

When Sam had learned how to swim, after many almost fatal attempts, the greater part of his time was spent upon the river with companions, many of whom later found a place in the pages of "Tom Sawyer." With Sam as their leader the boys ranged from Holliday's Hill on the north to the wonderful cave on the south, and up and down the Mississippi for miles. At first, they did most of their navigating in so-called borrowed boats. One day they decided to own a boat. When they had

selected one they painted it red with paint that was likewise borrowed. The former owner often remarked on seeing the craft afterwards, that if it hadn't been for the color he would have declared that the boat was his. Sam and his comrades called themselves "The Black Avengers" and made their headquarters on Glass Cock's Island, a piece of land near the Illinois shore, about opposite the village of Hannibal.

Although for a long time Sam's one desire was to be a pirate and seek treasure in strange lands, there was a gentler side to his nature. This was made evident especially in his early relations with Laura Hawkins, the "Becky Thatcher" of "Tom Sawyer." They were never sweethearts, in the accepted sense of the word, but Sam always showed for her an affection and respect that was truly admirable.

As a boy Clemens had little literary ambition and was not fond of books, except a few of an imaginative nature. But it is well that he did not sacrifice too many of his vigorous boyhood hours to reading, for later, the compelling interest and generous humor of his own writings were due to impressions received at this period more than any other in his life.

W. K.

TO KATHRYN

The sea-gull loves the ocean blue.
The primrose loves the morning dew,
The daffodil, the sun's warm ray.
The lark, that shall not sing her lay
Before the gentle birth of morn,
Adores her own, sweet song forlorn —
Yet these are as an empty dream,
Compared with my love supreme
Of thee, thou dearest one of all.
Before *thy* beauties, Nature's fall.

L. D. SMITH

ONLY ONE PERFORMANCE

TOMMY DELONG and Larrie Buhl, owing to one of the latter's ridiculous inspirations, had determined to walk from Tampa, Florida, to New York and thence return by rail to Detroit, their native town. Indeed all had gone well, or at least they had tramped the entire distance save for crossing the Hudson in a ferry. But what a disastrous ride it was, inasmuch as DeLong had lost overboard his coat containing sixty-five dollars which left them with but a little change in their pockets. Owing to this misfortune they were encamped in a small room on Nineteenth Street, fifty cents per night.

"Well," snapped Buhl wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "here we are in this filthy place, with no prospects for breakfast, all owing to your tomfoolery. What did you put your coat on the rail for, anyway? And stop grinning like a bloated pelican; don't you know we haven't enough money to buy the froth of a five-cent beer?"

"And what of it?" yawned DeLong.

"And what of it, you depraved ichthyosauria; do you want to walk to Detroit without a thing to eat on the way? You don't seem to appreciate ——"

"Why not make some money?" broke in the other. "All you do is to rave away there, and never think of the natural solution."

"How're you going to do it? Peddle shoe-strings or have a fruit-stand?" demanded Buhl with a whimsical sneer.

"Well," explained DeLong rising and walking to the window, "do you see that place over there where they used to have movies? It looks as if it were closed up. Now, we'll rent the place to-morrow night, and give an exhibition of Florida snakes! We'll advertise that thirty-six-footer you brought up with you. The man that owns the place will let us have it for a quarter of what ——"

"Don't you know, Tommy, humor is out of place in a situation like this? How in thunder are you going to have a seventy-foot boa-constrictor eat ice cream with a soup-ladle, or whatever

you suggested, when we didn't bring even a worm up from Florida?" interrupted Buhl with increasing irritation. "I always thought you were a little queer, Tommy, but didn't realize that you had ——"

"Now look here, we'll have plenty of snakes by then," put in DeLong. "Can't you use your imagination; have you no ——"

"O, Melpomene," murmured Buhl as he threw himself upon the bed. I swear that I'll find a suitable institution for you before to-morrow night."

* * * * *

About three o'clock on the following afternoon, huge boxes labeled with enormous black letters,—Florida Serpents—Danger—This Side Up—Keep Off—Handle Gently—were seen on the sidewalk in front of the old moving-picture show. The whole face of the building was covered with vividly-depicted snakes of awe-inspiring size, devouring pigs and holding pianos aloft. Large crowds of urchins were blocking the thoroughfare to gaze with wide-opened mouths and exchange meaning glances.

Finally the great hour came. Tommy was by the door stationed on a chair, and shouting, "This way to the big show! One quarter, twenty-five cents, a fourth of a dollar! Biggest thing in town! Only one performance! Step in, don't miss it! Straight from Florida! Chance of your lives! This way; this way to the big show!"

Already the place was crowded and numbers standing in the rear. A fantastically painted curtain was slowly raised. Tommy DeLong came to the front of the stage and raised his hands to command silence. A lull swept over the spectators.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "owing to the dangers involved in this performance, I shall ask you to remain perfectly calm, no matter what happens. You have doubtless noticed that there are no cages used. This is not our usual custom, but owing to our short stop here, we have not had sufficient time to fully equip ——"

A piercing scream and the report of a pistol was heard from behind the scenes! Several more cries of agony followed. Buhl came tearing upon the stage.

"Run! Run for your lives," he shouted, "the boa-constrictor is loose!"

At this instant the lights went out. The roar of the spectators leaping to their feet added to the terror. A moment later and a black stream of people was pouring into the open. Men and women rushed madly into the nearest houses. In the course of a minute the streets were empty.

Two hours after, the Twentieth Century Limited pulled out, en route for Detroit. Tommy DeLong and Larrie Buhl sat leisurely in the diner discussing their winter's experiences in Florida.

L. D. SMITH

THE SUNSET

Far over golden waves, the sinking sun
Spreads in a flaming path its molten beams,
While far above the darkening mountain tops,
A lonely cloud in roseate glory gleams.

Thus, weary traveller on the Road of Toil,
Do thou spread forth a splendid path of love.
And let thy noble living, noble thought
Shine from thy life and watching spirits move.

N. BURTON PARADISE

BELIEVE ME ROWENA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MR. MICAWBER }
MRS. MICAWBER } *poor country people*
ROWENA, *their beautiful daughter*
HENRY ESMOND, *ardent lover*
EPHRAIM JENKINS, *heartless land-owner*
URIAH HEEP, *humble servant*

SCENE I. The poverty-stricken dwelling of the
Micawbers. Morning.

MR. MIC. (*pacing nervously up and down the room*)—Well, I feel as though something might turn up by night.

MRS. MIC.—You know we have been looking for something to turn up for twenty years, and nothing has happened yet. This cramped setting is no place for a man of your ability.
(*Enter Rowena*)

ROWENA—Oh! Mother, I hear a knock.

MR. MIC. (*leaping to feet*)—I knew it! It is come. Our fortune is made.

(*Runs to door and throws it open. Flourish without. Enter Ephraim Jenkins.*)

EPHRAIM.—My dear Mr. Micawber, your rent is overdue, but knowing that you are unable to pay, I shall ask you for something which I value more highly, and which will require no pecuniary loss on your part; namely, the hand of your daughter, Rowena.

Row.—Never, never not while my heart within me beats!
(*Runs from room weeping.*)

MR. MIC.—Mr. Jenkins, I am expecting something to turn up any minute; can you not wait a few years longer?

MR. JENK.—I have given you my ultimatum.

(*Enter Henry Esmond with basket of fruit for Rowena*)

MR. MIC.—My friend, we want your advice and help in this matter.

ES. (*no Jenkins*).—You coward! I'll give you just thirteen seconds to get out of this house.

JENK.—Dog, hold your tongue. (*To Mr. Mic.*) I'll have your answer before noon.

(*Exit Jenk. Enter Uriah Heep.*)

HEEP.—Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Micawber, but the grocer, plumber, and bar-keep are without, waiting for the settlement of their bills. Shall I dismiss them as usual?

MR. MIC.—Ask them to call again in a month or so, Uriah.

URIAH.—Very well, sir. (*Exit.*)

MRS. MIC.—I must see what has happened to our darling child.

ES.—You can count on me, if worse comes to worst. (*Exit*)

(*Mr. Micawber settles himself in easychair with favorite book, entitled "Who's Who in Eugenic's."*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II. Midnight. Exterior of Micawber's house.

JENK (*in smothered tones to Uriah who is peeping out of window*).—Is all prepared?

URIAH.—I have administered the doped coco-cola, and nothing can awaken her before two hours. But, sir, I am a man of 'umble means, and ——"

JENK.—Fear not, my man. You'll get your just puddings.
(*Enter Uriah, bearing Rowena*)

URIAH.—Here's your piflicated queen, Mr. Jenkins. But as I am a man of 'umble ——

JENK.—Hold your tongue, fool, or you'll have the house upon us, (*his anger rising*). Take this ducat dachshund and get you gone.

(*Disappears down road at break neck speed with Rowena in his arms.*)

URIAH (*re-entering house*).—It's dark as Tophet! Ouch, my foot—infernal chair! Ouch, my appendix—infernal table! Oh! zip, go my front teeth—infernal chandelier.

(*Terrific crash, book-case and ornaments collapse.*)

Alarm within. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Mic. in nocturnal apparel.)

MR. MIC.—What has turned up, fortune or misfortune?

URIAH (*humbly*).—The book-case, sir. I ran into it in an endeavor to rescue Rowena from the arms of that arch-villain Jenkins.

(Piercing scream from Mrs. Mic.)

MRS. MIC.—My daughter, my daughter. (*Faints.*)

MR. MIC.—Ish ka bibbel

(Dashes madly toward Esmond's house, night gown streaming in the breeze.)

CURTAIN

SCENE III. A country cross-roads nearby. Terri-
fic lightning and thunder.

ROW.—Cruel picaroon. How dare you abduct me from my domicile?

JENK.—Dearest, darling, damsel, I dare do all for thee.

ROW.—Then dare to take me home.

JENK.—I dare do all that may become a man, who dares do more is none. Ha! Ha! I see the lights of my car approach. Soon shall you be my wife. (*Tries to embrace her.*)

ROW. (*scratching end of his nose*).—Unhand me villain!
(Old dilapidated Ford comes wheezing to a halt upon Jenkins' unsuspecting toe.

JENK. (*peevishly to chauffeur*).—Back the car immediately, Barkus.

(Esmond and Micawber gallop around corner on horse-back, in hot pursuit.)

ES.—Stop cranking that victrola!

(Hits Jenkins' bombastic nose and causes the blood to flow.)

JENK. (*drawing revolver*).—Now, you canine cat, prepare to die!

ROW.—Oh! sir, spare his life and I will wed you.

ES.—Never! Never shall Rowena wed such as you.

JENK. (*putting barrel to Esmond's upper lip*).—I shall afix your adenoids to yon tree.

(*Flash of lightning strikes him on the forelock. He falls to the ground, twitches a moment, and inverts toes.*)

MR. MIC.—Something has turned up!

ES. (*to chauffeur*).—Drive to Montclair.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV. Same as Scene one. Next morning.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and daughter sitting around breakfast table.*)

ROW.—What can I do to repay him who saved me from the jaws of that monster Jenkins?

MRS. MIC.—Yes, my child, were it not for your father you would not grace our home this morn.

MR. MIC. (*smiling condescendingly*).—I have always admired your discrimination, my dear wife.

ROW. (*blushing in confusion*).—But, dear parents, I referred to Mr. Esmond.

MR. MIC. (*his self-conceit gravely wounded*).—What! Ungrateful child! Where did you conceive that vain illusion? It was I, and no other that saved you from your destined doom. (*Ponders a moment*) I perceive it all! Esmond is deceiving me. Never will that braggart darken my doorway again!

(*Enter Uriah*)

URIAH.—What'll you all have for breakfast?

MRS. MIC.—Hot.

MR. MIC.—Double-shredded.

ROW.—Flakes.

(*Exit Uriah, muttering. Esmond heard singing without*)

Somebody's coming to my house

On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

I love her, Oh! Oh! Oh!

That old girl of mine.

(*Enter Uriah with orders. Loud knocking. Uriah opens front door. Enter Esmond*).

Es.— Ah — er — I——

MR. MIC.— Er — what?

Es.— That is, in other words, I wish ——

Row.— Yes, yes, go on!

Es.— Well, what I want to know is, may I have Rowena to wed?

MR. MIC (*firmly*).— Not a chance! (*shouting to the kitchen*) Second breakfast, Uriah.

Es.— What's the objection?

MR. MIC.— Well, you see it's this way; there're three of us, and besides — if you were wealthy and rich it would be entirely different.

Es. (*cheerfully draws out a letter and reads nonchalantly*).—

My dear H. Esmond,

Owing to the sudden death of your millionaire uncle, you are left sole heir to his fortune amounting to ——

MR. MIC (*cordially*).— Enough, Esmond, enough. Believe me! Rowena is yours!

CURTAIN

By I. L. NEVERTELL

THE PINCIO GARDENS

THE Pincio gardens were deserted now of their gay promenaders of the afternoon. The sun was setting slowly behind a cloud lying low on the horizon, which occasionally parted to allow a few golden, heaven-sent beams of light to guild the dome of distant St. Peter's with a blaze of glory. At the foot of Pincio hill lay Popoli Square, where the shadows were beginning to lengthen; and here and there a light twinkled out into the new evening.

There is a little nook on one side of the gardens, overlooking the whole square. It is enclosed on three sides by closely-grown and trimmed evergreens, and in its center a tall tree has matured. Around its thick base has been built a low seat, and near the open side of the nook several shelves of table-like rock have been left by nature. The approaches to this little place are by two winding paths, separate from the walks of the promenaders.

Here, at the close of day, sat a girl, upon the seat built around the tree. One slender arm was outstretched upon one of the table-like rocks, and upon it she had rested her head, face half downward. Her eyes were closed in sleep. Before her stood an easel, with a canvas stretched upon the frame. The upper part of the canvas was a half-finished picture of the square below; the lower half had been separated from the other by a crooked black line. Upon this lower half another partly-finished picture was painted, which, in connection with the picture above, was as far away from it and Rome as the sea is from the sky. There upon the canvas had been roughly sketched a simple little homestead of the New England type. About it tall, old trees reared their heads, and between the trunks the setting sun was seen, round and red. In the open door of the cottage stood a woman, and upon a little seat by the door sat a young girl. Here the picture had been left, the brush falling from the painter's fingers, and lying upon the ground unheeded. The girl in the Pincio gardens was asleep, her lips slightly parted in a happy smile.

Here also came a man, walking slowly along the path be-

tween the trees and shrubbery leading to the nook. The setting sun had seen him thus many a time, happy in his joys and successes. But it would see him so no more. He seated himself on the seat built around the tree on the side opposite that one fronting the square. With head in his hands he gazed down at the earth, thinking of what he might have done, if fortune had not turned out so. Then suddenly he leaped up to walk around the tree and to gaze out at the fast-coming night in the square. He started back as he perceived the figure of the girl, whom he saw, even in the twilight, to be pretty.

He came closer, noticing the easel for the first time. He gazed long upon the picture, until at last a great tear welled up in his eye and rolled down his cheek, unheeded. He, too, was an American, and Heaven only knew how he longed for just such a scene! And he was lonesome and homesick, and forsaken, like this girl. How that picture called him back to so many happy days! Why had he ever come to this God-forsaken land, this Rome, where failure meant — what, he knew not. It was all an immense lottery. Then he looked down at the girl again; one wisp of curly brown hair was hanging over her forehead, and the rest was held in bondage by a dainty little comb. She was well dressed, and in the hand which she held in her lap was clutched a lace-bordered handkerchief. She was breathing softly, her breast rising and falling regularly. Her rose-red lips were composed, and seemed to invite him strangely. He walked to the stone railing, and looked down to the foot of the hill that was directly beneath him, for the hill fell away here into a precipice. He had chosen this spot for that reason this afternoon. He looked down at the scattered rocks below, then back at the sleeping girl, and suddenly an insane desire to kiss those red lips seized him. What could it matter if he did! She was sleeping and would never know, and when she did awake he would be far away. True, it was a cowardly thing to do and — he was a gentleman. But an unaccountable yearning was in his heart at that moment, and he knelt down at her feet, raising his head. Then he gently kissed her upon the lips, but sprang back into the half darkness of the nook, as she raised

her head, awake, with a pretty, happy smile on her lips. What had he done! Oh! if he could only recall that kiss! When she opened her eyes wide she burst into joyful speech — then she saw him and started up with a cry.

“You!” she said, “You! — who are you? What have you done? What manner of man can you be?” She ended in a sobbing little cry, and covered her face with her hands. He said not a word. He was struck dumb with the thought of what he had done. Then suddenly, words came to him and he began to speak.

“I was lonely,” he said, “and I — *you* were lonely, too —”

Her hands dropped from her face, quickly.

“I!” she exclaimed, “I — lonely. How — how ——”

In answer he pointed to the canvas. It was all that was needed, and she bowed her head. He began again:

“I was mad, I suppose, when I did it, but I was driven on by a power I couldn’t withstand. I *am* a gentleman, even though a fool.”

In her breast a tiny little feeling arose, fell, rose again, grew, and conquered. She felt herself fiercely glad and comforted. She raised a tear-stained face to his, but he was not looking. He was staring with sad, unseeing eyes down into the Popoli Square. He was suffering. She approached him, holding out her hand to him. “I forgive you,” she said simply. He took the offered hand and kissed it. As he did so a strange happiness and feeling of hope filled her heart. She looked out upon the city. Over there in St. Peter’s where the sun was shining, was happiness, and here, too, was happiness, but in between, in the cruel city, where he and she had both met life and failed, all was gloom.

He had turned and started away. He was going away into the gloom! This could not, must not be!

Come back,” she whispered, standing alone by the unfinished picture she had drawn an hour before. He led her to the edge of the nook, smiling happily, and together they looked down into the busy square, which one last ray of the sun had lighted up.

THE JOY OF LIFE

What is life for itself, Love?
What does Man care for fame
If he has but himself to please, Love,
With no one to reverence his name?

Some men toil for success, Love,
But that is a purposeless task;
I offer thee all that I win, Love,
And a word or a smile — all I ask.

N. B. PARADISE

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

EDITORIALS

As the first issue of the *Mirror* comes out a month after the beginning of school, we are fortunate to be relieved of the sorrowful task of bemoaning the loss of last year's Seniors, or uttering the customary platitudes in attempting to estimate the degree of pleasure we experience in welcoming the "preps." To do so, at this late day, would not be what we have learned in French to call *apropos*. To remark further upon the significance of our newly-established Founders Day would be to basely insinuate regarding the competency of the many and distinguished orators who honored us with their presence on said occasion. In fact, we feel entirely at liberty to allude to another matter of national interest; namely, the prospects of the *Mirror* for the coming year.

In the past the *Mirror*, although loyally upheld by an earnest few, has not been overwhelmed with popularity and it is our aim to set about remedying this sad state of affairs with all possible

speed. We have several theoretical, and we hope logical ideas as to how this may be accomplished; yet little progress can be made unless each and every fellow who is man enough, will cease trying to crush out those literary impulses inherent in his breast, and come across with the contributions.

* * * * *

The *Mirror* is pleased to announce the election of Laurence D. Smith to its Editorial Board.

[FROM THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN]

“Guess I’ll have to see ‘Good Old Burke, the Taylor,’ pretty soon. Both Dad and that big brother of mine told me to be sure to call on him, or his little brother, Billy Burke, at 7 Main Street, as soon as I landed in Andover, and the bunch here tell me that was good dope.”

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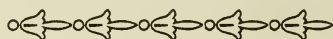
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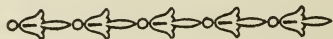
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The Phillips Andover MIRROR

November

1913

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PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 2

THE RETURN OF JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ROBINSON CRUSOE }
SHERLOCK HOLMES } *students*
JULIET, *an Abbight*
MACBETH, *a crafty villain*
JIMMY, *landlord of the "Grill"*

Waiters, room-mates, etc.

ACT I. Phillips Andover Union. Sherlock Holmes
and Robinson Crusoe seated in a booth.
Macbeth in an adjacent booth.

(*Enter Waiter*)

WAITER — Holmes! Crusoe! Crusoe! Holmes!

HOLMES — Sherlock or O. W.?

WAITER — S. Holmes.

CRU. — Griddles and coffee, right here!

HOLMES (*rising and going to counter*) — Fatimas, Jimmy,
and two chocolate fraps.

CRU. — Order me a frap!

HOLMES — I've ordered it already.

CRU. — How did you know I wanted one?

HOLMES (*returning to seat*) — My dear Robinson, you will readily perceive it is very simple. First I noticed that you were meditatively chewing the wrong end of a soda-straw. This indicated that your thoughts were in a passive state. Consequently, I deducted that in a brief time, by the force of association, your mind would turn to a frap.

CRU. — Marvelous! I wonder why it didn't occur to me?

HOLMES (*confidentially*) — Robinson, I have a topic of dire import to discuss with you. I am in love, at last, with the dearest girl in the world!

CRU.— Where dwelleth she?

HOLMES — Abbot!

CRU. (*extending package of Fatimas*) — Help yourself.

HOLMES — No! No! I don't want a cigarette. I mean Abbot Academy is where she resides.

MACBETH (*who has overheard all, from adjacent booth. In an undertone*) — Did I hear what I heard? By the pricking of my thumbs, some good fortune my way comes!

HOLMES — But I shall tell you more, 'tis Juliet! To-night we are to meet by stealth. Oh heavenly moment of rapture, bliss, sublimity —

CRU.— You are mad, man! It is impossible. A maiden from the impenetrable —

HOLMES — Not so loud, Crusoe. No one in the world must hear of this. When the bell strikes one to-night, I shall place a ladder, which I have already provided, below her balcony. If all be well the signal is three croaks of a cricket, two mews of a black cat.

MAC. (*peering over partition of booth, to himself*) — O well done, I commend your pains, for it is I who'll reap the gains.

HOLMES — Methinks I heard a whisper. Let us away.

(*Crusoe hastily swallows remnants of coffee and with Holmes walks toward exit.*)

JIMMY — Hi there boys, have you paid your slips?

HOLMES — It slipped my mind as usual.

CRU.— Same here. Sixty cents? All right, Jimmy.

JIM.— All right, R. C. All right, S. H.

(*Exit Holmes and Crusoe.*)

MAC. (*pensively*) — To am or not to was, that is the question.

CURTAIN

ACT II. Exterior of Abbot Academy. Macbeth,
beneath the balcony of Juliet's room on
the second floor. Time, shortly before one
o'clock same night.

MAC.—Is this a biscuit which I see before me, the deadly
missile pilfered from the Dining Hall, with which I slew the
cunning Sherlock Holmes, as down the arched elm walk he
came. I waited hiding close behind a friendly trunk. He, all
unsuspecting passed, and I stepped forth and smote him with the
biscuit on the bean. Without a sound he sank upon the terra
firma and I fled and in his place am come to capture the fair
Juliet. (*A bell strikes one.*) But enough, the bell invites me,
I go, and it is done.

(*Voices from above.*)

JULIET (*to room-mate*) — Oh my dear, it's one o'clock! Do
you suppose Mr. Holmes has come yet?

R. M.—I haven't heard a croak or mew.

JULIET — Oh I'm so excited. Sh - h - h —

R. M.— There! What's that!

(*Macbeth cautiously gives two mews and a couple of
croaks.*)

JULIET — Goodness gracious, there he is now! Is my hat
on straight? Does any powder show? And please, dearie, say
good-bye to the girls for me.

R. M.— All right.

(*Juliet appears upon the balcony and descends ladder.*)

R. M. (*rushing out on balcony after her*) — Oh Juliet,
you've forgotten the sandwiches!

JULIET — Never mind, dearie, we intend to dine at Flanders'.

R. M.— You had better take them just the same. Here
they come.

(*Falling package hits Macbeth's upturned countenance.
He grabs a sandwich and begins to eat ravenously.*)

JULIET — Oh Sherlock dear, you'll spoil your appetite.

MAC. (*fiendishly*) — That's what I generally eat for.

JULIET (*suddenly realizing her plight*) — Good gracious!
(*Falls fainting into Macbeth's outstretched arms.*)

MAC.— Ha! Ha! me proud beauty! Now I have you in my power!

(*Macbeth carries off Juliet into the darkness.*)

CURTAIN

— ACT III Phillips Andover Union. Crusoe sitting in booth reading "Our Dumb Animals."
Holmes enters and sits down beside him.

CRU. (*in astonishment*) — Why Holmes, old man, what are you doing here? Has anything gone wrong?

HOLMES — Not so loud! I want to keep the matter a secret.

CRU.— Then, why not have it posted in Pearson Hall?

HOLMES — Hush! Juliet has been abducted by a nefarious wretch, but I will fox the villain yet.

CRU.— Who is this base person?

HOLMES — Why, my dear Robinson, you are thicker than you look. It is Macbeth. I saw his reflection in the glass of the show-case when we dined here last evening and, since I have made a special study of facial expressions, I saw that he had some evil plot in mind, and as he occupied the booth next to us, I concluded that he had overheard our conversation. Therefore, I resolved to be on my guard.

CRU.— Marvelous!

HOLMES — Ah, but you have not heard all. I knew that if Macbeth wished to put me out of the way, he would use the most deadly of all articles — the Dining Hall biscuit.

CRU.— My word! How did you avoid the terrible death?

HOLMES — Oh that was simple, my dear Robinson. Knowing that Macbeth is a coward and would attack me from the rear, I painted the back of my head with iodine, that king of all drugs.

CRU. (*excitedly*) — Bravo!

HOLMES — Well, all come out as I expected and when the diabolical missile hit me, I sank to the ground as if dead.

CRU. — How clever of you, Sherlock.

HOLMES — To continue,—this morning I crept into the Abbot circle disguised as a lawn-mower and, while the unsuspecting yard-woman was wheeling me about beneath Juliet's window, I discovered the necessary clues. But enough for the present; I have a few history notes to get out this evening, so meet me at ten o'clock and we will go to the library.

CRU. — But the library will be closed by then.

HOLMES — That's just the point. I couldn't get a history book anyhow.

CRU. — All right, but what are you going to do about Juliet?

HOLMES — We shall see anon.

CURTAIN

ACT IV Room at top of tower on Administration Building. Trap door in center with ladder below. Juliet bound fast to the library edition of Webster.

JULIET — Mercy me. I wonder when that awful creature is coming back. He has left me here all alone. Oh heavens, I hear a noise! He must be coming up the ladder.

(*Above the trap door appears the head of Sherlock Holmes.*)

HOLMES — Ha! Ha! At last I have found you!

JULIET — Sherlock! Is it you?

CRU. (*climbing through trap door*) — Yes, indeed. Here we are again, we are.

HOLMES — Hush! Some one approaches.

(*Throws dollar bill on floor and pulls Crusoe into a dark corner. Enter Macbeth through trap door.*)

MAC. (*seeing dollar bill and reaching for it with both hands*)
— I say!

HOLMES (*leaping forward and clapping handcuffs on Macbeth*) — I shall teach you to trifle with Sherlock Holmes.

MAC.— Fiddlesticks.

HOLMES — Enough! Enough! Not another word. You must either die at once or take cross-country. It doesn't make much difference which. Choose!

(*Macbeth, without hesitation, dives headlong to his death through the open trap door.*)

JULIET — Horrors upon horrors!

(*Falls into the arms of Holmes.*)

CRU.— Well, how shall we end this play?

HOLMES — My dear Robinson, it is very simple, by the return of Juliet.

CURTAIN

By I. L. NEVERTELL

THE PRODIGAL WHO DID NOT STAY

A TRAIN of empty freight cars wound sinuously along the path of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. About half-way down the train in a furniture car, chosen because it was the cleanest and might, by chance, contain some excelsior, slept a man. His bed consisted of a number of newspapers spread upon the floor of the car, while under his head a bundle of the coveted excelsior formed his pillow. The filth of the hand which rested beside his head, the toe peeping through the tattered shoe, the unshaven chin, the ruddy nose, the ragged garments, all proclaimed him a derelict, a failure. A curve that was sharper than usual threw him against the side of the car and awakened him. Rubbing his eyes, he sat up and rolled a cigarette. With a great clatter and bumping the train came to a stop; instantly alert, he tried both doors lest a "shack" should surprise him. The train started to move again, and, after five minutes of backing and filling, he heard the engineer whistle in his brakemen, and the train puffed away, leaving his car and a few others standing.

Climbing out, he surveyed the surrounding landscape, and gazed upon an expanse of green hop-fields on both sides of the track. The scene was not strange to him, for he had been born and bred among the hop-vines not far from Oneonta. He had not been in this section for years, and it seemed queer to him that the hill on his left, the creek on his right, and the white house in the distance should be so vividly familiar. It caused him no serious thought, however, for thinking, to his drink-besotted brain was a terrible effort. His mind, like his face, was warped and distorted by excess and privation, and it was only the persistent gnawing in the pit of his stomach that made him remember that he needed food. Instinctively he turned toward the house in the distance, and, conquering his customary lassitude, started to walk toward it.

The white house stood out prominently from the dark green background of a hill. A stone chimney stood at each end; three dormer windows broke the regular outline of the roof; a rustic porch ran the full length of the front. A woman sat knitting upon the porch, the needles glistening in the September sunlight. Her hair was white, her eyes kindly, but the lines upon her brow

and about her mouth had been etched by the artist, Grief. She raised her head as she heard a step upon the path, and gazed with interest at the approaching man. Perhaps he needed work; if so she could use him, for she needed two more hop-pickers. As he drew nearer, she knew that he had only come for something to eat, for she was well versed in the ways of his kind. Saluting her with the whining courtesy of his profession, he mumbled a request for food. With a curt "Come in," she led him into the living-room and set a place for him.

While he was waiting for his meal, a picture caught his eye. When she set his plate of victuals down, he spoke for the first time since he entered the room.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, who is that a picture of?"

"My son," she replied.

"Dead?" he asked with a mouth full of bread.

"I don't know," she said, and the pain in her eyes silenced him.

He ate without further speech. Then, looking up suddenly, he caught her eyes fixed upon him reflectively. In them, he saw mingled pity and disgust, and read the thought, "I hope he's not like you." A light came into his stupid face as he gazed once more about the room. His eyes rested lovingly on many objects, upon the silent old woman with the world of pain in her eyes, but his expression changed again, for back in his brain he could hear the words, "I hope he's not like you." Subconsciously he recognized the room, and was just picturing a boy kneeling by his mother's side when his brain clouded again.

Silently he rose. The woman remained seated, gazing straight before her. Once again he looked long and searchingly at the picture, passed his hand over his brow in perplexity and, stepping out, walked hesitatingly down the path. Half-way to the road he stopped, transfigured, turned, stretched out his arms toward the house and commenced to retrace his steps. The rumbling wheels of a passing freight train seemed to say to him, "I hope — he's not — like you. I hope — he's not — like you." He stopped, and with a wan, crooked smile, faced about and walked away, blindly stumbling down the road.

JOHN FREND

HILLIARY'S SCOOP

LIGHT as were his duties, Robert Hillary was not content. His dashing and, from an undergraduate viewpoint, eminently successful collegiate career, had not prepared him for spending the better part of his time at office routine and, contrary to his expectations, life, from a swivel-chair in the offices of A. J. Hillary & Co., Pork Packers, did not present the highly attractive aspect which he had anticipated when he entered the establishment which had for many years been the source of the Hillary income. The allurements of following in his father's footsteps had long since evaporated, and many a time he found himself wishing he were back on his college campus.

One evening, reminiscently turning the leaves of his old class-book, there stared up at him, "Hillary intends to enter journalism." Of a sudden the words appeared invested with a new meaning, no longer a careless inscription, invented on the spur of the moment. Journalism! By all the gods! there was a career beside which the possibilities of the pork-packing industry paled to insignificance! Why had it not occurred to him before? It was the one occupation for which by natural talent he was most eminently fitted! Such was the current of his thoughts, and he then and there resolved that he had spent his last day in the offices of A. J. Hillary & Co.

The next morning, the young man optimistically directed his footsteps toward the imposing edifice devoted to the publication of the leading evening newspaper, the *Record*. Entering, he found himself in an office much like that which he had so recently quitted. Something of his buoyancy was gone then, when he approached a young man at a roll-top desk, whom he mentally classified as a reporter.

"Whom must I see in regard to obtaining an editorial position on the *Record*?" queried Hillary.

"Mr. Van Arsdale, the city editor, is the man for you to apply to," was the reply, then, smiling slightly, "If I were you, I'd commence as a reporter, and get a little experience before taking an editorial position. You will find Mr. Van Arsdale in the city room,—up those stairs and the second door to the left."

Hillary thanked him somewhat brusquely, and mounted the stairs designated, while his mentor, one of the "live wires" of the circulation department, turned to a man near him, with a grin, "Another cub for poor Van! Wonder how long this one lasts!"

Meantime the youthful Greely (as he saw himself) had entered the door to which he had been directed, and looked for the first time upon the city room of a newspaper.

While he stood, uncertainly, the door beside him opened suddenly, and there projected himself into the office a tall, lantern-jawed man, who, almost with one movement, flung off coat and vest, crammed a black cigar into his mouth, dove into a chair at a vacant desk, and after shouting a number into the telephone, was busy writing. Fascinated, yet somewhat bewildered, the youth remained watching him, until suddenly recalled to a realization of his mission by the shrill inquiry of one of the copy boys. In reply to a request for the city editor, the boy jerked his thumb toward the latest arrival.

It was with some trepidation that Hillary approached the desk, where its occupant now had the cigar glowing furiously, and was snapping and snarling at some one on the telephone, whose chief fault, apparent from the picturesque language of Van Arsdale, was a failure to "rush that d——d copy." Perceiving Hillary, the editor swung his chair around sharply, shooting from the corner of his mouth a, "G'd aft'noon."

A surprising sense of insignificance and confusion smote Hillary. "Er — Mr. Scarsdale?"

"VAN ARSDALE!" was bellowed at him. "Anything I c'n do?"

Hillary, with a last attempt at self-possession, answered, "I should like to get a situation as,— er — reporter. My name's Hillary, and I graduated from Kenford last June."

"H-m," meditated Van Arsdale, now thoughtful. "Short just now, and glad to have college men. 'Ny 'xperience?"

"Well — er — not exactly," admitted the applicant.

"Don't like that, but give you a chance. Sit down t'l I call, Hillary."

With a strange sensation of relief, Hillary sat down. Little as was this his idea of the glories of journalism, he consoled himself with the reflection that he would not be long under the dominion of such men as this ill-bred cad, and already pictured himself behind one of the glass doors at the head of the room, giving orders to Van Arsdale, and finally even discharging him. Suddenly the voice of his one-day minion broke in upon his pleasing reflections with a shout of his name. Springing up, he hastened to the desk.

"Go down to the river-front by Comple Street. Long-shoremen's strike. Don't think anything doing, but can't take chance. Get all dope y' can, anyway."

Hillary, walking on air, set out on his first assignment.

* * * * *

Three hours had elapsed. Van Arsdale now sat alone in the *Record's* city room, which offered a far different sight than that of bustling confusion which had impressed Hillary. In the attitude of the editor, too, there was a marked change. No longer the feverish anxiety and dynamic energy which had animated him earlier in the day, but a look of nervous expectation was upon him, as he sat futilely tapping the desk with a pencil, and at the slightest sound from without, quickly glancing toward the door. Finally, however, quick footfalls were heard and Hillary burst into the room, breathless, and eyes alight with excitement. With an exclamation of relief, Van Arsdale sprang up and advanced to meet him. "Got it all?" he asked anxiously.

"The most wonderful story!" cried the new man. "A real scoop, for I saw myself that there wasn't another reporter around. I ——"

"What in thunder are you talking about?" shouted Van Arsdale. "Give me that strike dope, quick!"

"I guess there wasn't anything doing in the strike," Hillary went on,—a shade less of self-assurance in his tone, then, brightening again, "But on my way down to Comple Street I ran into the greatest scoop,—two dagoes slashing each other half to pieces, and I chased the thing to headquarters and got

all the details." His hand, halfway toward pulling the wad of "copy" paper from an inner pocket, suddenly dropped as he caught the eye of the editor. That individual evinced all the most alarming symptoms of a stroke of apoplexy. Finally, recovering the power of speech, with a shriek, "You confounded idiot! While you were chasing your measly story of an everyday street brawl, those longshoremen were raising h—l on Comple. Got a phone message that at least three people were killed and a warehouse burned, and we without a man to cover it! You pinhead! College man! H—l! That's where you ought to be now, instead of trying to wreck a newspaper. You've gone and lost the biggest story of the season!" He brought his remarks to a forceful termination by making a dive for the object of his wrath, but an instant too late, for a slammed door and a sound, as of one hurriedly descending stairs, gave evidence that Robert Hillary had terminated his journalistic career.

FREDERIC D. GRAB

THE EVESDROPPERS

ON the Michigan shore of Lake Huron lies the exclusive little summer-resort of Port Austin, a place frequented for the most part by elderly people seeking quiet. The members of the younger crowd, who were obliged to accompany their parents to the "Jumping-off Place," as they called the town, considered the passing of an entire summer there nothing short of suicide.

It was to prevent his perishing from monotony that George Chandler invited George Hodgson, his room-mate at Michigan University, to spend a fortnight with him at this resort. The latter had innocently accepted Chandler's hospitality. As they sat gloomily over a chess-board on the last afternoon of his visit, a sigh of relief escaped the lips of the guest.

"Well, don't you think it's about time you made a move?" exclaimed Chandler, throwing the remnants of his cigarette through the open window to smoulder on the hotel veranda. "You know twenty minutes is the limit."

"I wonder where Vivian is!" remarked Hodgson, "we haven't seen her for two days."

"Check!" said the former, nonchalantly advancing his queen a few squares; and added with the breath, "Guess I've seen enough of that girl in the last six years to survive without seeing her for a couple more days. Well, I'll tell you where she is. She's out with that idiot Souder. He's got it pretty bad. Hurry up."

Hodgson sat deep in thought for some minutes, then raising his head quickly, remarked, "I hear them coming down the veranda now."

The voices undoubtedly were those of Vivian and Souder, yet their remarks, uttered in an undertone, could not be understood.

As they paused a moment later within a few steps of the window, Vivian suddenly raised her voice, and the chess-players clearly heard her say, "Don't be silly, Ralph; you know I couldn't marry you. Besides, I suppose I may as well tell you the truth; I'm in love, yes, I'm dead in love with George."

The two Georges looked at one another in blank amazement. A smile played on both their faces, but quickly subsided as they beheld each other's expression.

"Let's get away from here," stammered Hodgson.

They slipped hastily out by the rear door, and were soon walking along the sandy shore of the beach.

The long silence was broken by Chandler. "Darn it all," he commenced, "I didn't know she was so fond of me. I've known her so long, you see, that it seems odd that I did not discover —. Well, I'll find out to-night. I always was awfully fond of her myself."

And so he talked on until he had quite convinced himself that he was, and ever had been, head over heels in love with the sweetest girl that ever lived, Vivian Thompson.

George Hodgson turned his face away to hide a smile.

"Now I understand," he thought to himself, "what a fool I've been. But I never imagined the dear sweet little thing could fall in love with a goodfornothing like me."

He recollected how she had tenderly placed a few violets in his buttonhole. He saw vividly in his imagination the far from meaningless smile she had bestowed upon him as they parted after his escorting her home a few evenings before. He understood why she had been so disappointed at his anticipated departure in the morning.

"What a blind and conceited ass Chandler is," he murmured half aloud. "I'll get there ahead of him to-night."

"I say, George," he exclaimed to his friend, interrupting his incoherent babble, "I believe I'll impose on your hospitality still further by accepting your invitation to remain a couple of weeks longer."

* * * * *

The fire flickered merrily that evening in the sitting-room of the Lake Shore Hotel at Port Austin. Vivian and George Hodgson sat alone in the warm light which came from the fire-place. He had previously arranged that there should be no other illumination.

"Vivian," he said in most affectionate tones, breaking a silence of considerable duration, "through no fault of mine I overheard your remark to Ralph Souder this afternoon, and — well — er, if it's so why — I love you, Vivian, and ——"

An odd smile lit up Vivian's pretty face.

"Please! Please, don't," she stammered. "I merely said that to get rid of Ralph; he's an awful nuisance, and has been following me about all summer."

Her unfortunate lover, bewildered and abashed, could not find words of apology. He walked slowly across the room to crush out his cigarette on the most remote ash-tray, and was fumbling about for it in the dark when Chandler came rushing in.

"Vivian," he cried, "at last I have found you. I heard you this afternoon, you little rascal. Why in the world didn't you let me know long ago. Now, don't try to crawl. I've told mother and father and they think it's just fine. All you have to do is say ——"

The circumstances were too amusing. Vivian jumped to her feet, burst into laughter, and fled from the room.

L. D. SMITH

A TALISMAN

THE tall, dark trees of the forest were gradually losing their outline in dusk, a night-wind wandered among their great rough trunks, and off from a distance, came the dull thud of a horse's hoof. There dwelt in the center of this deep wood, where towered the vast, gray walls of a palace from which the trees shrank back in a circle of awe, a beautiful enchantress. Out into the evening, through an embrasure high in her palace wall, a beckoning arm of yellow light stretched forth down an aisle of the forest. Soon there came riding along this luminous path a young knight of the Crescent who, returning from the wars and overtaken in the wood by darkness, had lost his way. As he rode straight toward the gate of the palace, the guards who observed him approaching, saw on his breast an object that sparkled in the reflected brightness from the window above, and dazzled their eyes with a strange radiance. The young knight of the Crescent wore pendent from a chain about his neck a talisman of gold curiously wrought,—the emblem of his love for a maiden to whom he was betrothed in his native land.

He was conducted within the palace to the banquet hall, where, reclining upon a divan draped in soft crimson, the lovely enchantress welcomed him from his wanderings. The walls of the apartment were hung with rich tapestries in gold, gorgeous rugs of bluish-green lay on the floor, while from an unseen source soft, seductive strains of vaporous music filled the air with alluring melody. The knight was bewildered by the glorious splendor of the scene, and the image of his betrothed was nearly driven from his heart.

The fair enchantress seeing in the knight another hero to add to her train of wretched victims, placed him at her side, and while her graceful slave-girls set before them a rich repast, she poured into his ears passionate words of endearment. The music swelled to a wilder pitch, and languorously from her couch the enchantress rose to dance for him. Ravishingly she danced, with all the subtle grace of the Orient. Slowly, reluctantly, yet overpowered, the young knight arose, while the treacherously

enticing dancer cast herself upon her silken divan. As the knight leaned to fold her in his arms, the precious talisman came within his vision. The flush died from his face. He stood rigid. With a low cry the sorceress tried to tear the magic emblem from his breast. He barely eluded her, and rushing from the brilliant banquet hall, escaped into the night.

W. K.

AN EXPLANATION

Her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near —
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But — her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?

W. L.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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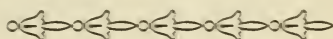
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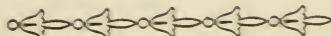
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December

1913

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WILLIE WENT A-HUNTING

WILLIE was lonely. Willie was tired. Willie was hungry. But worst of all, Willie was cross and sulky. Here it was almost Christmas, and now it seemed as if no good Christmas dinner or anything was going to fall from the skies or spring from the earth for his benefit, or for the benefit of his little sister Hilda, or his mother, Muzzie Green.

Muzzie Green and her family were all alone in the world except for their barn where they lived, and a mangy cat and a sleepy dog of the fullbred cur variety. Nevertheless, Muzzie and her family got along very well on the money received from taking in washing.

Willie had been looking forward to Christmas, with especial craving for turkey, sauer kraut, and other good things, but now his hopes had fled. So he climbed up into the hay and lay down to overcome his grief. From his weeping eyes fell salt tears of deepest concern and distress. It was hard enough to bear the other hardships of poverty, but no Christmas dinner—boo-boo-boo! To hide himself and his tears, he burrowed way down to the bottom of the hay. In this industrious work his hands came in contact with something heavy, rusty, and made of metal. He brought it to the light. His tears had dried on his wan cheek, for curiosity is a mighty leveler and had taken the abode of his sorrow. No, most venerable seers and prophets, it was not King Arthur's jewel-hilted sword. It was a nice, rusty, beautiful, old-fashioned flint-lock of some previous year's manufacture. The flint was still in place, and—mirabile dictu! It was loaded, and Willie was already killing bears and a hippopotamus and an elephant and lions and tigers and—a mouse scared Willie so.

as he scurried down his hole, that Willie immediately awoke from his day dreams with a start.

Nevertheless, our worthy hero was not to be daunted. He could shoot a gun. He had seen a man do it. Why! all you had to do was to pull the trigger and the gun would do the rest. So off into the wild and woolly woods marched Willie. He walked this way and that, but saw no game. His courage grew as all the animals seemed to fear to come and meet him in single combat. Surely there was game in the woods, for even bears and deer were often reported to have been seen.

At last, weary, worn, and sad, Willie came to an opening in the trees, where a pond covered with lily pads held sway. And by the bank — what was that bunch of fur by the bank? Yea, verily, of a truth, it was a rabbit. Not Welsh, but a plain, common, ordinary, every-day cottontail. It seems wonderful to some that the rabbit had not heard the approach of our hero, but Willie the brave walked as a cat on cushioned feet, with manly and elastic tread. Willie was alert. Willie was eager. Best of all, Willie was prudent and wise. But one charge in the gun; he could not afford to miss. So slowly and steadily he raised ye hevye gunne to ye shoulder. He took careful aim. His finger was on the trigger. Fare thee well, O unsuspecting mamma cottontail! Willie's aim is deadly and he cannot miss; fare thee w —

But our hero did not press the fatal trigger. Just then several ducks flew overhead with loud quacking, and alighted in the pond close by. No rabbits for Willie when ducks could be had! Willie was thinking that every little bit helps. So he aimed at the ducks as they swam closely together in the pond.

A deer was making his way through the forest. Willie looked at him. The deer paused and stared rudely. O, fateful pause! For Willie of ye eagle eye and ye dangerous gunne soon had a sight on the deer. Along the glittering, rusty barrel peered the cool, grey eye of our hero.

But yet again he withheld his finger from the trigger. For across the pond he espied a huge grizzly bear. Willie! what wilt thou do to be saved from this awful calamity? Willie imme-

diately decided to save his skin and let the Christmas dinner take care of itself. He resolutely looked into the face of death and with deadly aim pulled the trigger on the grizzly bear. Only one charge, did I say? All ye gods and little fishes!!! what a charge was there in ye olde rusty gunne! For the gun exploded with a loud report. The charge of shot killed the grizzly. A few of the shattered bullets killed poor Mamma Cottontail and, with a grievous groan, she breathed her last. Different parts of the barrel hit the deer and other parts scattered among the ducks, effectually putting them in Davy Jones's locker. Willie calmly picked himself up from the soft green moss on which he had landed, and surveyed the dreadful slaughter, with glittering eye. Whistling a few bars of "Thanks be to the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever," he gathered up the rabbit, ducks, deer, and bear into his strong, young arms, and started for home.

HOWARD B. FREEMAN

HESTHER'S ANSWER

A HOLIDAY crowd, humming the catchy airs of the show they had just seen, was pouring through the lobby. Mrs. Courtland had gathered her theatre party together and her automobiles were already at the head of the line that extended along Forty-Second Street.

"Are we all ready " she asked the men, glancing around at the bevy of pretty girls wrapped in their long cloaks. "Then let's be off."

Vincent Van Allen, delaying to greet a friend, hurried after as soon as possible, and jumped into a big black limousine which was awaiting him.

"Good evening, Mr. Alexander."

The words, spoken in the sweet, cherry voice of a girl, disclosed to him his embarrassing position. He was in a strange car! So surprised that he could find no words of apology or explanation, he remained gazing.

"What do you think of your cousin?" the fair occupant of the limousine inquired mischievously. This remark had its desired effect. Van Allen, all the more startled, stammered a few words of approval.

"Now you must be very considerate of me, as it will be a novel experience for me to go to a dance of this sort, with a man I have never met before, even if he is my cousin."

"But I am not ——"

"Oh! please don't say, 'But I am not going to take you. I don't like "buts" and besides you know you promised me yesterday over the telephone you would."

Of course, he knew nothing of this dance or of her. He looked down at the pretty little figure beside him, in a large, white coat open just enough to reveal a full red rose at the waist of her beautiful white silk evening gown. The picture was too much like a delightful dream! He suddenly resolved to play this rôle of cousin, whatever might be the consequences.

By genuine cleverness Van Allen kept up a bright conversation, amounting to nothing, causing her to smile frequently. The limousine was now rolling up Broadway alive with the holiday crowd. A slight, soft snow was falling, and the holly daintily tied with red ribbons, in the flower vases of the car, gave a real Christmas atmosphere. He now realized for the first time the beauty of this absolutely strange girl. She was his exact ideal. He felt sure of this. Who was she? How could he find out?

The machine turned into a side street, and drew up before a huge, white, stone house. As he was assisting her to alight from the car she said, "I think it was really mean of father not to let me know before that I had such a nice cousin." This little remark, although made jestingly, quite atoned for her previous all too apparent unconcern.

As they started up the long canopy the chauffeur standing to one side, holding open the door of the car, said, "What time, please, Miss Hubbard?" Ah! by the merest accident he had learned her name. "Hubbard," well he knew that name. He gave a quick glance at the initials on the door of the limousine — E. B. H. Van Allen was a rising young man in the broker's office of "Hubbard and Hubbard." Many times he had heard of E. B.'s daughter, but this certainly was a strange way to meet her. The long glass door was opened by the butler and they separated to withdraw to the dressing-rooms.

Some moments later Van Allen stood in the softly-carpeted hall awaiting Miss Hubbard. A white figure emerged from between dark green curtains. There stood his demure goddess! She stepped forward and taking his arm they strolled through a large picture gallery, at the end of which they entered a huge ballroom. From the high white paneled ceiling, spangled with small electric lights, hung great, glass chandeliers. Palms along the side of the walls partly concealed tiny Egyptian booths illumined by dim red lights.

Later, Van Allen and Hesther Hubbard were seated in one of the more remote booths. The orchestra was playing a dreamy waltse, in consequence of which the dancing had ceased for a time. Van Allen was becoming disheartened. Obviously he had

made no progress with the charming daughter of E. B. Hubbard. They had danced together many times during the evening. Indeed, on several occasions as they conversed, she had favored him with a smile that he could not fathom. Yet always he was conscious of an impenetrable barrier between them. She seemed contented but unresponsive. Finally Van Allen determined to reveal the truth. He could endure no longer the thought of this wretched deception. "Miss Hubbard," he said resolutely, "I have a confession to make to you. I am not your cousin."

Even at this remark the girl evidenced no concern. She sat calmly waiting for him to continue.

"After the theatre I got into the wrong car. I should not, of course, have remained, but when I saw you, the temptation, was more than I could resist. I know I ought not to speak this way. I realize I have only known you a few hours!"

"But aren't you going to tell me *who* you are?" she inquired simply.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I am Vincent Van Allen. Your father knows me. I am in his firm."

"I think I have heard him mention your name once or twice," remarked Miss Hubbard in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

Her lack of enthusiasm in regard to himself only made Van Allen all the more desperate. He resolved to propose to her then and there. In a more rational moment the probable result of such a rash act would have held him back; but he felt that it would be preferable to know the worst, rather than let his new-found love go unexpressed. He hesitated a moment before taking the plunge. Should he call her Hesther or Miss Hubbard? He didn't know her well enough to call her by her first name! How absurd to think of such a thing at a time like this. Such were the thoughts that rushed madly through his brain.

He leaned forward and took her hand, as it rested lightly on the table between them, in his own.

"Hesther," he said pleadingly, "I love you."

As though these words had been a cue for their entrance, two men brushed through the palms and stood within the little Egyptian alcove where Hesther and Van Allen were seated. The

men were in full dress, and their countenances evidenced great concern.

"Good heavens! Hesther, what goes on? Alexander and I have been all over New York looking for you," exclaimed the foremost man whom Vincent Van Allen recognized to be young E. B. Hubbard, Jr. Hesther and Van Allen arose.

"I am sorry you worried about me, Brother dear," said Hesther sweetly, "and I suppose this is my cousin, Mr. Alexander," turning to the man standing behind the brother. Hesther Hubbard was master of the situation. She glanced quickly at Van Allen in whose eyes admiration and gratitude were valiantly striving for first place.

"Yes but, Hesther, you know you shouldn't have come here with Van Allen. It's unconventional, to say the least!" exclaimed young Hubbard.

"It's perfectly all right, little boy," said Hesther. "Mr. Van Allen and I are engaged."

O. VERONA

GALLANTRY

One Christmas Eve, there was a doll
That had bright golden hair,
And, right beside her on the tree,
A soldier and a bear.

"I am afraid of that big bear,"
The doll said half aloud.
The soldier, who had heard her speak,
Took off his cap and bowed.

"I will not let him hurt you,"
Said the soldier, "do not run.
If he comes but one step nearer,
I will shoot him with my gun."

W. K.

THE BOB-TAILED CHIPMUNK

THE chipmunk is by far the most attractive of the squirrel family. Possibly Nature made him so to repay him for the mark which the Great Bear left upon the back of the Adam of chipmunks and his progeny. One particular descendant of the original annoyer of the Great Bear made his home in a stone wall, near a small, white farm-house, which hung on the side of a hill in Pennsylvania. His pet diversion and form of vengeance was to crawl through a rat-hole in the cellar door and carry away all the nuts which were stored in barrels in the cellar. He did not need them all, but he resented the fact that these two-legged beings drove him away from what he rightfully considered his. Consequently, he had no qualms of conscience and considered himself perfectly honest.

The guardian of the peace at the little white house was a dignified and sedate bird-dog. His one great aim was the honorable discharge of his duty. If a stranger set foot upon the premises, he gave warning and held him in his tracks till the master of the house arrived; if a hawk appeared in the sky, his bark brought out the two-legged being that carried the shooting sticks; and if two cockerels quarreled over the affections of a handsome pullet, he immediately separated them and sent them about their business. He was serene, impartial, and rigid in his administration of justice, but there was one thing which caused him to lose his temper and that was the chatter of the chipmunk. The little striped rascal knew this, and, waiting until the dog was at his meal, would repeatedly lure him away so that the hens could consume his food. The result of this was a bitter feud, but the dog was an enemy the chipmunk did not fear.

The weasel was a Pariah. Feared by the chipmunk and the hens, hated by the dog and the two-legged being, and feared and hated by the rabbit, he was rightly considered an enemy to animal society.

One day, following a night of fearful slaughter by the weasel, the chipmunk sat upon the wall sunning himself. On the porch of the house the two-legged being sat with the death-dealing

stick across his knees, and at his feet lay the mighty guardian of the peace. Suddenly turning his head, the chipmunk caught sight of a dun-colored head and two beady black eyes emerging from a hole in the wall a few feet from him. With a terrified chatter he sprang to the ground and scampered across the open, realizing that the weasel could beat him at his own game of hide-and-seek. At the same instant, the dog sprang up with a bark, and ran toward the fugitive and his pursuer, who was almost upon him. The two-legged being sprang up and raised the shooting-stick. The dog headed off the pursuer and pursued. The three were in a close group, when the shooting-stick suddenly spoke. Bang! The dog howled, the chipmunk chattered, and the weasel was silent, as all three toppled over. Before the two-legged being could reach them, the dog crawled away with one leg dragging, and the chipmunk scampered away minus half his tail, but the weasel was no more.

Alone in his hole, while he was recovering, the chipmunk realized that he would have lost his life had not the dog's flank been between him and the gun, and he was grateful. A few days later, he came out and saw the wounded dog upon the porch. Silently, he came up, seated himself upon the rail and looked at his preserver. A hen was contentedly picking the meat out of the dog's pan. The chipmunk jumped down, and the hen, mistaking him for a weasel, ran off with a terrified cackle. The dog had been annoyed because the hen was eating his food, but had been in too much pain to move. He looked his gratitude at the chipmunk, who did not chatter, but drew nearer. He advanced and sat up between the dog's paws. The latter, bending his head, licked the chipmunk's face, and, although he did not like it, the little vandal stayed, for he knew it was a mark of affection and ended the feud.

JOHN FRENCH

MAY AMANDA JONES

In fall Miss Rexby met her school,
And thus addressed her flock:
"The worth of learning passes that
Of Tiffany's whole stock."

The terror of Miss Rexby's speech,
Impressed in cultured tones,
Was grasped in its totality
By May Amanda Jones.

From youth Amanda had a mind
That hungered after knowledge;
And from the earliest hours in school,
Anticipated college.

She longed to walk the Campus paths,
To where her fancy brought her,
And drink from the Pierean fount
More than bottled water.

The faculty were soon agreed
She never made a blunder;
And all the girls regarded her
As paragon and wonder.

And soon from elocution class,
Miss Rexby had to drop her;
Her grasp of high, romantic love
Seemed for her years, improper.

Geometry and algebra,
She took them as a boon.
She handled all their principles,
Like knife and fork and spoon.

She spoke her French as easily
As other girls said "he".
And when it came to German class
They thought of Germany.

In music, she could trill the scales
And stretch nine notes with ease;
Her soul it twinkled in her eyes,
Her fingers on the keys.

Her diagrams in Botany
Would scarcely fall below
The works of Alma Tadema,
Or Michael Angelo.

The bones in her anatomy
She mastered more and more;
The human body was to her
A live department store!

The scenes of Greek and Latin texts,
Which caused her comrade woes,
Were focused on Amanda's mind
As moving-picture shows.

And, when on art her feelings dwelt
Her fancy could espy
Cathedrals in the woods and glades
And paintings on the sky.

She visualized astornomy;
And fell down in a swoond.
She gasped, and said: "I see the stars;
I feel the earth go round."

In calisthenics, dance, and sport,
Her match was hard to find.
Strange as it seems Amanda's limbs
Were agile as her mind.

And through her personality
All friends might freely pass.
There was no sign upon her soul
To say, "Keep off the grass."

Examinations came in June;
Amanda was on hand.
She seemed the very girl for whom
The college course was planned.

But, when next fall, in Freshman class,
Miss Jones's name was read,
A school-mate said, with upraised hand:
"Professor, she is dead."

Miss Rexby said: "Amanda's charms
Made all she did seem right.
She pressed so near the torch of truth
That she put out the light.

"The girls shall make a pilgrimage
To mitigate their gloom,
In special train, with wreaths of flowers
To deck Amanda's tomb."

ANONYMOUS

HER HUSBAND

MRS. QUINTINA LAING shuddered involuntarily as she stood among the throng of Christmas shoppers who were blocking the sidewalk on 43rd Street. It was a nearly finished sky-scraper that was attracting the people's attention, and which prompted exclamations of wonder or admiration. The crowd of a sudden caught their breath as, far above their heads, a beam swung out from the building. Holding fast to a cable, a man stood upon the suspended steel bar. With his free hand he waved to the spectators who appeared to him like a black blotch in the street below.

"He must have the courage of ——"

"Look! Look!" exclaimed an enthusiast by the side of the former speaker.

The beam had ceased swinging, and the man walking to the end waved a signal to the engineer.

"Oh, oh," murmured Mrs. Laing, the pallor of her cheeks growing more livid, "it is he! Oh why — why does he — he promised me that ——"

She stopped as the beam once more continued to move.

The man suspended in the air was undoubtedly her husband. Anyone who knew Fred Laing could not help recognizing his towering form and fiery red hair, even at that distance.

It was more than she could endure. She pressed a handkerchief to her eyes so full of terror, in an endeavor to conceal a few tears which ran down her pretty upturned face.

But at this moment an ambulance sped around the corner, scattering people here and there, and was lost from sight an instant later. Only for a second did this divert Mrs. Laing's attention. As she turned again, an object flashed before her eyes and crashed to the pavement with a dull thud. She saw the people rush to the spot like a dark shadow. An expression of horror played on the countenances of all. Several women shrieked.

Mrs. Laing trembled from head to foot. She staggered a few steps forward. Her strength seemed to leave her. Every-

thing faded gradually away. She sank unconscious to the pavement.

When her eyes opened some moments later, she was in a drug store with a crowd of sympathetic onlookers about her.

"My — my husband," she murmured, "my husband."

"Where does he live? We will send for him," suggested a doctor kneeling by her side.

"No, no," she continued in a hoarse whisper, "the man — the man who fell — my — my husband." She uttered a deep groan and sank back.

A stout woman elbowed her way through the crowd and came to Mrs. Laing's side.

"That was not a man that fell," she said in a tender voice, "it was but a sack of cement."

L. D. SMITH

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

EDITORIAL BOARD

WOOD KAHLER	MANAGING EDITOR
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Contributions to the pages of the *Mirror* are earnestly solicited from students of all classes, and should be left at 20 Day Hall. The Mirror Board consists of ten members. Any man becomes eligible for election to the Editorial Department by having three contributions accepted and published.

All business communications should be addressed to 23 Day Hall.

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

EDITORIALS

Christmas comes but once this year (according to its custom) and now in a few days this festive season will be at hand. There are many ways of spending a vacation; some of them are instructive and profitable, others, entertaining. It is difficult indeed, to dispose of your time in such a way as to embody every advantage. We have an idea! In order to illustrate this idea the better, we shall take a specific case, yourself for example. You, in the course of time, will arrive home. You will greet your family. The first evening is possibly spent by the fireside, while you relate enthusiastically, but with a nice consideration on the matter of selection and rejection, certain of your achievements during the term at Andover, just ended. In fact, you will have commenced your Christmas vacation.

Very often during previous vacations you will be able to recall various instances where the time, the place, and other attendant circumstances were almost ideal. You couldn't have

wished for better. But as you look back upon such situations, you are compelled to acknowledge that, although you may have enjoyed yourself at the time, the benefits derived therefrom were not lasting. If not, why not? Simply because, at the time, your mind was not in the proper psychological condition. Let us assume, for example, there is a pretty girl whom you have never met, but will probably see at Christmas time. You like her very much, and she, hearing you are a nice boy, desires to see you get along in the world. However, being somewhat timid by nature, you are rather in doubt as to the best means by which to gain her affections. Now here is the secret! This necessary, proper, psychological attitude is one which after it has grasped the interesting possibilities of a certain, desired, probable situation, sets about making the situation possible, and the possibilities probable.

So don't wait until some kind friend offers to introduce you. That would be too conventional, and besides, so prosaic a method would bore the young lady in question at the outset. Cast aside all tradition; walk boldly up to her house; ring the front door bell; and, when she comes into the reception-room where you have been waiting, repeat in an offhand manner the following words which you have previously learned by heart to avoid confusion: "I crave your pardon, Mademoiselle for this unseemly intrusion, but such is life." At this point she will begin to be impressed with your remarkable gift of speech, in token of which she may possibly interrupt you. Now, gentle reader, we regret to admit that from here on we are not responsible for what occurs. However, if you continue along these lines we have pointed out, success will be yours, no matter what happens.

Of course the above scheme is only a suggestion. There are other ways of getting into the midst of an adventure. At any rate, we would be interested to hear of your results. Such communications should be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and sent as soon as possible to 20 Day Hall.

* * * * *

The *Mirror* wishes to announce that the poem entitled "An Explanation," signed "W. L.," and appearing in the November issue, was written by Walter Larned. Owing to a misunderstanding the poem was not designated as an exchange.

* * * * *

The *Mirror* regrets to announce the resignation of George Dunbaugh, Jr., as Business Manager.

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The Phillips Andover MIRROR

January

1914

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PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1914

No. 4

THE AUTHENTIC DIARY OF MY CHRISTMAS VACATION

THURSDAY, DEC. 18

THIS afternoon, being rather curious to learn what might be the special offense for cutting a last class, I did not attend my usual four o'clock, but took the 7.15 for Boston, deciding to surprise the Van Spugs and arrive at their home in New York a day earlier than I was expected. Passed through the historic, old North Station without mishap, and arrived at the South Station without baggage. At first I was unable to account for this silly phenomenon, but suddenly I remembered that I had left my hand-bag on the train in which I had come from Andover. On returning to the North Station I saw a train just pulling out, and rushing after it, jumped aboard in hopes that it might prove to be the one that contained my missing impedimentum. Much to my disgust I was unable to find it and, as we pulled into Andover, not being particular, I picked up a good-looking bag and triumphantly tripped from the train, just in time to catch the Portland express for New York.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19

The Van Spugs are a very amiable family, living on the corner of Fifth Avenue, and, as I was to spend my Christmas vacation with these good people, I hastened thither immediately upon arriving in New York. The entire family, having attended the opera last night, did not appear during the day; so I have been left to my own resources. I was shown to my rooms where a valet was waiting to unpack my things. Here ensued the following conversation:—

VALET — Shall I unpack your bag, Sir?

I (*suddenly recollecting that the bag was not mine and fearing an exposure*) — No, but please bring me two Zymole trokeys.

VALET — Very good, Sir.

When the valet had left, I immediately examined the contents of the bag and was surprised to find only a large cardboard box with the following inscription printed on the lid:

PORTABLE TANGO TEA SET

The contents of this box is guaranteed to be as follows:—

(a) 200 non-spillable teacups with spoons painted on the inside. These cups embody a self-sweetner appliance and may be carried while dancing.

(b) 4,000 reversible saucers equipped with clamps for wrist.

(c) 5,000,000 assorted popular pills de cream.

(d) 971 thermo-capsules, containing compressed liquified tea (sufficient to fill one cup each when released).

Revolving in my mind the rapid strides of civilization in regard to terpsichorean inventions, I soon became fatigued and retired for the night.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20

Breakfasted with the Van Spugs.

In the afternoon went to see the "Grumpy Dutchess" with Mr. and Mrs. Spug and in the evening to "The Madcap on the Film." These plays were not as good as they might have been had they been better; still they were not as bad as they would have been had they been worse.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21

This day passed without incident.

Before going to bed I said good-bye to the Spugs, as I intended to leave very early next morning for the suburbs. I

promised Mr. and Mrs. Spug to be back surely by New Years, which project they seemed to relish.

MONDAY, DEC. 28

As I lay in bed last Sunday night, it suddenly occurred to me that I had no clothes to take with me to the suburbs, owing to the misfortune with my suitcase. After some deliberation I decided that the tango tea set could not be used as a dress suit. How could I secure a wardrobe and still depart for the suburbs early next morning as I had intended? Quick-witted Providence prompted me to appropriate the apparel of my good host, Spug. Not wishing to awaken anyone, I quietly opened the door of my room and stepped out into the hall. Noticing a small door to my right, I slowly opened it and hastily jumped inside. I was horrified to observe the walls rapidly shooting upward circumferentially about me. Suddenly my dangling feet became ensnared in a tall pile of soiled clothes. All was dark. I contemplatively scratched my fingers' tips with my eyebrow in a futile attempt to determine a course of action. Where was I? Owing to the darkness I started to wearily drag my left ear along the side of the wall in search of an outlet. After several hours of crawling I commenced to feel dizzy and lay down exhausted. Where was I now? In some vast hall? I endeavored to call out, but was unable to make a sound on account of a sore throat I had accumulated against my will while attending a class in Pearson Hall last week. I therefore decided to wait until morning before making any further disturbance. Arranging myself in a comfortable posture I dropped off to sleep for a while. Awakening after a little nap, I found myself ravenously hungry and so partook of 377 papular cream pills which I luckily discovered in the pocket of my pajamas. After this substantial repast I naturally felt thirsty, and so drawing a compressed tea capsule from another pocket I decided to have a drink. I placed the capsule in my mouth and applying dental pressure met with the following disaster. Instantly I was strangled with

a torrent of hot tea. I was somewhat surprised, not to say vexed; but my thirst was satisfactorily quenched, so I took another snooze. Thus betwixt slumber and wakefulness turn and turn about, I lay for what seemed a few hours, when a robust washer-lady released me, disclosing the remarkable fact that I had been imprisoned in the Van Spugs' clothes-shoot from December twentieth to December twenty-eighth.

I pledged the laundry lady to secrecy. The Van Spugs thought I was visiting friends in the suburbs, and I determined to keep them in ignorance of the embarrassing occurrence just ended. It now remained for me to reach my room without discovery. Bidding farewell to my rescuer, I commenced to ascend the stairs to my room. But at this moment I heard footsteps descending, and in order to avoid an encounter in my nocturnal costume, retreated into a nearby room. It proved to be the ball-room, and observing a huge jardiniere in a remote corner, I ran thither and leapt inside, thus completely concealing myself. To my uttermost horror the footsteps entered the room in which I had temporarily taken my ballyhack abode. I remember hearing several people approach who grunted as if they were carrying a heavy object. Suddenly a ponderous weight was dropped on my head knocking me unconscious. (Later I learned that the gardeners had placed a pot of palm trees on the jardiniere.) When I came to, two days after, I heard music and people participating in palestrical dancing. I was horrified. What if I should be discovered in my pajamas! Oh, ignominy! Of a sudden something hit the jardiniere. It smashed into two thousand pieces. I was left crouching on a pile of broken crockery in a brilliantly-lighted ball-room partially filled with creatures of the adverse sex. Again quick-witted providence prompted me. I resolutely rushed from the room amid shrieks and applause. I have lost eight splendid days of my vacation by this unfortunate escapade. It is now Monday, a week from the night on which I went clothes-hunting. I can think of no adequate excuse to give Mrs. Van Spug for my untimely appearance in the jardiniere, so I shall simply apologize.

TUESDAY, DEC. 29th

Spent a most convivial evening at Huyler's with some Andover boys whom I met at the Aquarium, and in consequence returned home very, very late. As the house was in total darkness, I was in a quandary as how to reach my sleeping apartment. Quick-witted providence directed my attention to the suitcase I had absentmindedly carried about with me all day. Obviously there was but one course to pursue. Carefully I snatched the unspillable tea-cups from my bag and hurriedly placed them one on top of the other. Soon I had a mystic pillar of tango tea-cups which reached to the window-sill of my room. The great non-spillability of the cups made me confident of a safe ascent, so I boyishly shinnied to their summit. A moment later I was blissfully blinking between the blankets.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30th

This morning I underwent a harrowing experience which quite blighted my bliss, and I was forced to retire for the rest of the day. It happened as follows:

After breakfast I went into the Van Spugs' library to continue my essay entitled "What Do You Mean, Prom?" Lo! In my very left ear a rasping voice shrieked, "Polly wants a zuzu." Instinctively I fumbled in my watch-pocket to learn if I was the proud possessor of one of those joys of the National Biscuit Company. My hand came in contact with several compressed tea-capsules. I fed each and every one to the polly, who swallowed them avariciously. As I was offering the seventh I noticed a bombastic swelling of his general appearance. Bang! with a loud pop his head flew off, and a geyser of hot tea played from his neck for fully fifteen minutes.

This evening I accepted the Van Spugs' invitation to dine with them at the Café de Souci. After having a crème de menthe poured down the back of my neck, a champagne pail jammed on my head, and a tureen placed invertedly in my lap, I deter-

mined to forego the rest of the meal as I did not approve of the frivolous gaiety of these festivities, and accordingly withdrew to the writing-room to enscroll my New Year's resolutions. After making the following manly resolves, I returned home.

- (a) Not to blow up poll-parrots.
- (b) Not to fall down clothes-shoots.
- (c) Not to eat peanuts in Chapel.
- (d) Not to read the *Mirror*.

FRIDAY THE 2nd

Last evening I dropped into the Hotel Bickernocker to see the painting of Old King Fuel by Paxfield Marish. As is generally the case when one goes in to see this picture, I came out an optimist. A half an hour later I was ensconced in a box at the theatre. During the intermission I withdrew behind the curtains of the box to await the next act. When I next peered out, I noticed that the first act was being given over again. As I considered this carrying an encore too far, I arose and stalked from the theatre. Imagine my surprise at finding it broad daylight. I accosted the first passerby, whereupon ensued the following conversation:

I — What time is it?

HE — Three o'clock.

I — A. M.?

HE — P. M.

I — What day is it

HE — Friday.

I then realized that I had slept from last night's performance till to-day's matinee. In a fit of exasperation I hastened to the Bickernocker to sue them for purloining another day of my vacation.

SATURDAY, 3rd

This morning quick-witted providence pointed out to me the latent possibilities of the invertible tango saucers. Clamping one

to my wrist, I vigorously started to file it down with Mr. Van Spug's German silver mail-file. Continued to file all day.

SUNDAY, 4th

The circumference of the saucer rapidly diminishing under my assiduous filing.

MONDAY, 5th

Still filing but greatly encouraged.

TUESDAY, 6th

Filing still, but encouraged greatly. All hopes for success! Have concluded to stay over a day to finish the good work.

WEDNESDAY, 7th

Said good-bye to the Spugs. Arrived at the station and tempestuously romped to the nearest slot-machine. Ceremoniously withdrew from my pocket the filed saucer which was now no larger than the common cent. This I dexterously placed in the machine. Whereupon, as if by instantaneous combustion poured forth the entire contents, namely: *Chicklets, Chocolates, Chewing-gum*, into my opened suitcase.

I then hurried to my berth on the midnight, with a light heart, knowing that by the generous distribution of the contents of my bag I could completely exonerate myself in the eyes of the faculty for my premature and elongated absence.

I. L. NEVERTELL

SUCCESS

Along Life's road the travelers
Go down the trodden way;
Two Pilgrims on the quest of Life
Were Faith and Faithless, they.

Soon, through a vale the highway leads:
Close by a shady nook,
Soft, rustling leaves and buzzing bees
And sweetly murmuring brook.

"Come, rest here," says the Faithless one,
Away from toil and strife;
Here, Peace and Pleasure wait on us —
What more to gain in Life?"

"Have faith, comrade, and follow on,
For he that seeks shall find,
And he that seeks Success in Life
Must leave these joys behind."

Then pointing toward a distant mount,
And low descending sun,
"'Tis yonder lies our goal in Life,
Our quest is but begun!"

The road leads up from verdant vale,
Away from balmy glade
Through barren fields and rocky wastes
And deserts void of shade.

Alone, Faith climbs with weary steps
O'ercoming trial and strife;
Behind him lies the Vale of Ease,
Ahead, Success in Life.

The rocky summit reached at last,
And now his duty done,
That which he sought is now his own,
By faithful service won.

At last his Master calls to him
In tone sincere and sound,
Well done, my faithful servant true,
Thou soughtest and hast found.

Thus, those who seek some goal in Life
Might find a lesson here:
Yield not to selfish pleasure, but
Resolve,—and persevere!

T. N. ST. HILL

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

LUNCHEON was finished on the tourist train. The company, which had been together for some days, split up into congenial groups and drifted out of the diner. It was a wonderful country through which they were passing, the Canadian Rockies, among the peaks and gorges of which is some of the grandest scenery in the world. It being noon, the snow-fields gleamed with a bluish white glare. Their even color, however, was torn by an occasional shoulder of black rock.

A little group of four men had gathered on the platform of the observation car and now gazed silently out over the mountain waste. As they looked, a great mass of snow dislodged itself from the edge of a distant expanse. It moved slowly at first; then, gathering speed, it rushed over the edge of a far-off chasm and disappeared.

One of the group drew a deep breath. "Good Lord," he said, "it's a regular dream country — with nightmare additions."

In the party was a short, spectacled man. He was smooth-shaven and seemed a nice, commonplace sort of chap. His eyes were a shallow steel gray.

"About dreams," he said, "do any of you believe in them?" He looked about inquiringly. There was a general negation.

"Do you?" asked one of the four.

The little man was thoughtful. "I don't know," he replied. "I had a peculiar one last night. I've tried to forget it; but it's still with me. Shall I tell you of it?"

The three assented smilingly and he commenced.

"It was night," he said. "I was on a train, traveling on the fore part of the engine: at least, I commanded an unobstructed view ahead. The moon was full and the sky a deep steel blue, powdered with stars. One sees such a sky only in winter. The track lay like silver ribbons down a straight-away of five hundred yards or more; then there was an abrupt curve. On my right rose a wall of blasted rock, the face of which was broken with knobs and ripples of frozen surface water. Across the track, the bank shelved abruptly to the bed of a stream." He shivered

slightly. "It was lonesome on the mountain, horribly so. The train reached the curve and rounded it. Ahead, I saw a steel trestle spanning the river and on the trestle, above the boiling rapids, was a great, vague figure motioning us back, back." I awoke in the usual cold sweat and was so seriously disturbed that I didn't sleep for an hour or more."

He stopped and rubbed his chin reflectively. "It wouldn't bother me," he said, "if I didn't know that there is just such a spot not far from here. We reach it at nine-thirty this evening."

One of the group nodded silently.

"I've never been over-superstitious," the little man continued, "yet I'd as soon not be on the train when it crosses that bridge."

The man who had nodded, a young fellow of about twenty-five years, asked if he had spoken to the conductor. "Trainmen are a superstitious lot," he said. "I don't think it would take much persuasion to get him to stop. And besides," he added, "there may be something in it. There are a lot of safe and sane people nowadays who believe in psychics, mental suggestion, and that sort of thing." Shortly afterwards, the group broke up and the four strolled back into the car.

There was an air of subdued excitement on the train that afternoon which increased as evening drew near. The three men who had heard the story repeated it. Soon the entire company had magnified versions of the tale, and the conductor was a much harassed man. He was taken aside many times, as the day advanced, and requested to stop the train before it crossed the trestle. One man even attempted to bribe him, and all of the women were most urgent. He was a red-faced, choleric little fellow and, towards the end of the day, nearly choked when anyone with a fixed, pleased cast of countenance drew near him.

At last the conductor gave in grudgingly. "It's all rot," he grunted to the brakeman, "all rot. Stopping the train for the sake of a dream! I'll be laughed at all up and down the line."

The brakeman grinned. "Oh, cheer up," he said. "It aint half bad. To tell the truth, I was worried too." And he went on to light his lanterns.

Dinner finished, the time weighed heavily on the tourists' hands. One thought was in every mind—the bridge. Eight o'clock passed; then nine. Our spectacled friend sat reading. A slight mist which had threatened to obscure the sky had disappeared and the moon shed a cold, white light over the mountains.

At nine twenty-five the train reached an even straight-away. To the right was a blasted rock wall. On the left a mountain torrent. The man with the spectacles laid aside his paper and walked quietly to the door. The train slowed down.

It stopped; and on the instant, a masked man armed with a short Winchester, boarded each car. These forced the passengers to dismount, searched them, and bunched them together under guard. The brakemen and conductor were overpowered and put with them, as were also the fireman and engineer. The dreamer directed operations.

Forward in the baggage car, there was a large amount of gold under shipment to the coast. The gang broke the car door and overcame the two guards whose weapons, for reasons known to the spectacled man, refused to act. Then, having taken the gold, they uncoupled the engine, put the plunder aboard, scrambled up after it, and sped off around the curve.

The conductor was the first to speak. "Done!" he said, "done! And by a —— road agent. But if ——" He stopped. A long, rending crash was heard. The men looked at one another blankly, then rushed forward. The bridge was smashed. Below lay the shattered engine, a half-submerged wreck, emitting clouds of scalding vapor.

E. WHITTLESEY

THE CHIMES

IT was nearly midnight on Christmas Eve, and the rain was dripping into the narrow street with a seemingly endless monotony. Nearly all the pleasure-seekers had long since departed, leaving only a few passersby in sight, each hurrying to find some shelter from the storm, while the lights from the many saloons shed the only hint of cheer over the scene. It was a night of fearful suffering for the homeless, miserable wretches who walked the streets with little or no prospect of food or shelter; a night which seemed to forbode some evil in its very dreariness.

Jim Calton was hurrying along the sidewalk in the shelter of the buildings, burying his hands deep in the pockets of his threadbare suit in a vain effort to protect them from the chilling air. Every line in his haggard, unshaven face proclaimed a great fear, but in his eyes there shone infinite tenderness.

"I must get it to her in time!" he muttered. "My God, why can't I get her the care she needs! Think of her suffering there while I am not able to help her!"

At this moment he turned into a black doorway and scaled with some difficulty the tumble-down stairs. In an agony of apprehension lest he should find himself too late he groped for the door handle and entered a bare, poverty-stricken room under the very eaves of the house. In one corner stood a bed upon which lay an old woman, her face dimly lighted by the glare of an electric sign across the way. It was a face every line of which betokened elegance and refinement. The neatly-arranged white hair, the delicately-modeled nose and chin, and, above all, a lovely pair of eyes, blue as the heather, revealed centuries of refined breeding, while the gentle smile which often passed over her pain-distorted features showed her endless courage, the characteristic of her race. Even as Jim entered, her whole body was torn by a spasm of pain until he hurriedly prepared a draught and gave it to her, longing to help her bear her suffering. When her agony had subsided she spoke in the musical accent of our women of the south, "Jimmy, boy, this is my last day with you.

My only regret at going to God is that I have not been able to provide for you. Once your family was one of the finest in Virginia, but when your father died we lost all we had. Never for a moment forget, Jim, that you are a gentleman's son. Do nothing that you would not like me to know of. I hope ——" But the soft voice faded into silence as Jim fell on his knees with a great swelling in his throat and his mother's eyes closed for the last time. All at once the clear-toned chimes of St. Paul's rang out their nightly appeal of "Oh come, all ye faithful," which was the first hymn that Jim had learned, kneeling at his mother's knee, and as the last note faded, he rose and reverently left the room.

* * * * *

Christmas Eve was come again. Again the cold rain was beating unmercifully into the streets, deserted save for a few unfortunate men who were homeless and penniless. In one of the richer streets of the city a man slunk into the shadow of a building, casting a hasty glance about him to see whether he was watched. It was Jim Calton, but only a shadow of the man of a year ago. He walked with the peculiar gait of a man of the underworld; his eyes had acquired a cold, shifting glance, and his face, while it still retained a trace of its former manliness, had grown coarse from the pinching of hunger and temptation. His burden of privation and sorrow had bowed him low.

Standing hidden in a dark corner, Jim examined every inch of the palatial dwelling across the street. It was nearly midnight, and everything seemed to be exactly as he wished it. The street was deserted, the house was dark, the rain had melted every trace of the snow which would bear his trail, and he was sure of no interruption, for he had made good use of his last few dollars, and some diplomacy, in gaining the support of the butler.

Taking a last look up and down the street, Jim slouched over behind the great building and climbed a low wall which divided the tiny yard from the alley. Although every window was carefully locked it was but a moment's work with a glass

cutter to make an opening through which he could release the catch and noiselessly slide the window up. Once inside the house he had no difficulty, for his confederate had given him all he desired in the way of information. The burglar passed silently through swinging doors and over velvet carpets until he came into the magnificent dining-room. His eye lighted with greed and pleasure as he flashed his electric light over the priceless works of art, the rich hangings, and the massive sideboard, which was the object of his visit. Swiftly and methodically he ransacked drawer after drawer, selecting with the greatest care the pieces which could be easily disposed of, but just as he rose with a guarded sigh of satisfaction, the clock on the mantel-piece chimed the hour of twelve.

At the same moment the bells of St. Paul's came faintly to Jim's ears, acclaiming the Day of Nativity with "Oh come, all ye faithful," just as they had done a year before. As he heard the sound, the burglar dropped his hands to his sides. Again he saw a vision of a little room under the eaves of a time-battered house. Again he saw his mother's face radiant with faith and love, and heard her saying, "Never forget, Jim, that you are a gentleman's son. Do nothing that you would not like me to know of," and the vision faded, while outside the rain dripped in a sort of melancholy cadence. Jim looked at the pile of silver on the floor, thought of the noble face of his mother, as she went to meet her Master with a smile, and stooping down with tears in his eyes, overwhelmed by a sense of his own cowardice, he set to work to restore the booty, piece by piece, as he had found it.

N. BURTON PARADISE

THEN AND NOW

Pale gleamed the light on yonder marshy field,
And flushed the pallor of the eastern sky,
While birds filled full of song a happy world,
Through which we walked together, She and I.

The marsh is but a bleak and frozen waste,
And over all the chill wind sends its moan;
The bare trees toss their branches as in pain,
And now — I walk alone.

E. WHITTLESEY

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

EDITORIALS

As far back in the past as we care to remember, the following editorial has regularly appeared in each January issue of the *Mirror*. As we heartily concur with the sentiments so aptly expressed therein, and should not care to disregard a precedent that would be shattered did this editorial fail to make its annual appearance, we hopefully print it for another time.

Now that the Winter Term is well on its way, and the short days are with us, it seems a proper time for the manuscripts to increase. Considering that there is not, in the immediate future, any great school event to which we may look forward, the *Mirror* may perhaps express a hope that the kind Fates will bestow a greater number of contributions. Some fellows have the mistaken idea that to write a story is next to impossible, and that to accomplish that end one must be gifted with a certain supernatural power. Nothing could be more untrue. Have you never witnessed or heard of some remarkable thing that occurred dur-

ing your vacations, or even to-day, which you were eager to relate to your friends? Tell it again in a story, just as you would to a few choice companions. Have you never seen a pretty girl, about whom you have woven all sorts of inconceivable pipe-dreams? Of course you have! Or an extremely old man, whom you know has a "history"—say a Confederate colonel of guerillas who led his men through hundreds of adventures? Tell about them in a story and send it in. A general idea of the kind needed can be obtained from this and the preceding issues.

J. C. T.

* * * * *

The *Mirror* is pleased to announce the following prize awards. Prose: First prize, "The Return of Juliet," by Wood Kahler and Lawrence Smith; second prize, "Believe Me, Rowena," by same authors as above. Poetry: "May Amanda Jones," by Lawrence Smith.

The *Mirror* wishes to acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. Leonard and Fuess for acting as judges in the contest.

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March

1914

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No. 5

THE CASE OF BOBBY HOWE

“**T**HAT’S right,” asserted Perry French for the tenth time, “take it from me. There is science to fussing, and it’s the scientific fusser that gets there every time. You good-looking guys think you can get by on your faces, but you open your eyes all right when you see some duffer with a face like an omelette pull out from behind and cop your girl. Then you wonder how it happened. Science on the one hand, I tell you, and the lack of it on the other; that’s all.”

“You give me a pain,” spoke up Jack Bowers from the depths of the morris chair he was monopolizing, a look of mock, supreme disgust upon his face.

“That’s right, just the same,” reiterated Perry. “You listen, you big, good-for-nothing, wall-eyed, snag-toothed hulk of humanity you, and perhaps you’ll learn something. You need the lesson bad enough.”

“Who’s a big, good-for-nothing——” began Jack, bouncing out of his chair with sudden energy, and advancing in a threatening manner, “who’s a big, good-for-nothing——”

“Don’t hurt the infant,” chided Harry Naton, grasping Jack and holding him back, “he’s harmless.”

“Sure, let him rave on,” seconded Fred Barnes from the corner.

“But he called me a big, good-for-nothing, wall-eyed——”

“Sh!” admonished Harry, warningly, “can the racket, or the Prof. ’ll be up here giving us smoking demerits.”

“Can the racket?” asked Fred. “Just listen to that!” he grinned, waving his hand in the direction of the door. Someone was coming down the corridor, singing vociferously. The voice stopped just outside the door.

"It's that prep room-mate of mine," said Fred. "Let him in." Bobby Howe entered.

"Was it you that was doing that rotten singing out there?" was his room-mate's wrathful query.

"Yes, sir," answered the new-comer meekly. "Yes, sir, it was."

"Well, the next time you want to do some loud-mouthed
——"

"Yes, sir," interrupted Bobby, "I'll remember," bowing to the floor with a grin. "But if you fellows will listen a minute, I'll tell you something that will interest you. I might say——"

"Don't say it," broke in Jack Bowers, "let Perry do it, the dear little darling." So saying he resumed his seat in the morris chair. "Perry was just delighting our young hearts with some of his worldly wisdom on the gentle art of fussing," he continued, "but owing to a little rudeness, not at all becoming in a little boy, he had to stop, and I nearly had to spank him. He's going to continue his talk. Aren't you, dearie?" he concluded, turning to Perry with a wheedling air.

"Sure thing," continued the debonair Perry unabashed. "You see it's like this: there is science to fussing. I maintain, Bobby, in spite of strenuous opposition from these numerous gentlemen, that the fellow who makes a study of the fussing game, learns to know the arts, and wiles, and coquetry of the ladies, meets art with art, wile with wile — or guile,— who, moreover, takes cognizance of every little characteristic, every trait, every like and dislike of the particular girl he's after, and caters to them — that fellow cannot fail. His brain work will ever——"

"Sit down, you're rocking the boat!" groaned Jack Bowers.

"—— will ever bring him to the fore," continued the irrepressible Perry, heeding the interruption not the slightest. "If the girl likes the roses, give her roses; if the girl likes——"

"And so forth *ad infinitum*," came a sotto voice from the corner. "I move the orator shut up, or we'll do something awful to him."

"Bobby," asked his room-mate, Fred Barnes, "what do you make of——it?" and he jerked his thumb at Perry.

"Nuts," laconically came the sotto voice from the corner.

"What do I think about it?" said Bobby. "I think he is right. I agree with him perfectly. I believe there is such a thing as a scientific fusser. And, fellows," he concluded, striking a dramatic pose, and speaking in sonorous, solemn tones, "fellows — I AM IT!"

"What!!!"

"I repeat — I AM IT!" A peal of derisive mirth greeted the remark.

"O ye immortal gods! O ye patron saints of Rome!" gasped Fred.

"Ah! but he agrees with me," said Perry, heroically, "then shall I rub my palms together in joy. Speak, worthy henchman, what virtue is in thee, that thou dost thus uphold the right? And why this happy look upon thy beaming countenance?"

"What's more to the point, Bob," growled Jack from his chair. "Who was the dame you were carting around this afternoon? Pretty nice."

"Aha! the plot thickens!" exclaimed Harry Naton. "A maiden! Verily, Bobby, my respect for you has increased a hundred fold."

"But I'll bet he can't live up to his boast," said Jack.

"Bet I can," was Bobby's quick retort.

"You will?"

"Sure, I will. I'll bet you — er — theatre tickets for four, that is to say, we two and some fair friends, that I can get introduced to a girl I pick out, whom I don't know and never saw before this afternoon, and get in strong enough in one night, tomorrow night at the Prom, not only to cut the fellow who takes her out of some of his dances, but to cut him out with the girl as well; and I'll take this girl to a show in Boston Saturday afternoon. How's that?"

"Rash. Rash statement, my boy. I'll take you up on it."

"You're crazy, Bobby," was Fred's opinion. "How do you suppose you, a perfect stranger, are going to get somebody else's girl to go to a show with you? And how is your own little friend going to take all this? She'll stand for it, of course!"

"Wait and see," was the confident answer, "you can't always sometimes tell."

"Which girl?" asked Jack.

"Well, it's this way," returned Bobby. "A little story to show that I've already begun my work, and at the same time to illustrate the ridiculous ease with which the science works out. Now Jack saw me with a girl this afternoon ——"

"A perfect queen!" interrupted Jack. "Proceed, I'm getting interested. But don't lie," he added, "it isn't nice. She wasn't yours, I bet."

"No," answered Bobby, "not mine. She was Harold Percival Brown's."

"Brown's! How'd you happen to have her?"

"Harold, the poor boob, wasn't at the train to meet her. My friend wasn't on that train as I expected; so when this fairy vision floated down upon me, and in a voice like a soft summer breeze asked me the way to the Phillips Inn, I fell for it in a minute, and was the real cute little Beau Brummel. Get me? That's the girl!"

"Did you get her name and address, give her your card, and tell her you would swim the Atlantic ocean for her, and all that sort of stuff?"

"Nope."

"You didn't! And you call yourself a scientific fusser?"

"Sure. Tomorrow night. And you'd better save your money for theatre tickets.

* * * * *

"Did you notice Bobby this afternoon at the reception?" asked Jack of Harry Naton just before the grand march was about to begin.

"No. What'd he do?"

"He followed Miss Carter around all afternoon. It was the limit. And she let him get away with it, too," said Jack in disgust.

Harry laughed. "Better look out," he jested, "he'll be getting your goat."

"Look at him now!" exclaimed Jack, pointing towards the far end of the gayly decorated gym. Bobby, Hal, and their partners were standing quite apart, in a little knot of their own, and all were laughing heartily over something.

"I'll wager he's trying to get a dance from Hal," remarked Jack, "and just the other afternoon he said his program was full!"

"Let's go down and see what's up," suggested Harry. "And get your partner — this thing is going to start pretty quick." Catching the eye of Perry at that moment, he motioned to him, and soon the group was augmented by the new arrivals.

Perry, who had not been at the reception in the afternoon, was introduced around; then the conversation began at a lively rate.

"By the way, Hal!" suddenly exclaimed Bobby, "what two dances are you going to give me? I couldn't possibly get around to see you this morning."

Harold looked up in surprise. "Did I promise to save you a couple of dances?" he asked. "I must have been awfully careless. My program's *full*," he said pointedly; yet if one had looked a smile might have been seen lurking in his eye.

Jack and Harry exchanged a glance of mutual satisfaction, barely restraining a grin.

"Why! Didn't you save Mr. Howe a dance?" asked Miss Carter, sweetly. "Oh, you *must* give him the dance, Harold — you know I'd just love to dance with Mr. Howe." The pleading in her voice, and the look from those wonderful eyes would have melted a heart of stone.

"Sure," supplemented Bobby, "let's exchange dances. You dance that one with Miss Allardyce. You won't mind, will you, Betty?" he asked turning to her.

"Why, no. Not at all," said she.

And thus it was.

"What do you know about that for a nervy beggar!" whispered Jack to Harry.

At the proper time Bobby came to claim his dance with Dorothy Carter.

"Ours?" he asked, bowing.

"Yes — Bobby," she answered. Bobby's heart gave a little leap.

"Bobby again?" he asked softly. "It's a long time since — you called me that last — isn't it — Dot?" he murmured brokenly, as their feet caught the rhythm of the music. For a time both were silent; only Dorothy's eyes looked dreamily into space, and Bobby was very happy.

"Dot," he began presently.

"Yes, Bobby."

"Dot, did you speak to Hal about those other dances?"

"You may have his next."

"Only that one?"

"Yes, Bobby,—no, the next three! I'll fix it up with Harold," she added suddenly.

Later in the evening, when Jack Bowers and Harry Naton were both sitting out the same dance by themselves, Jack plucked Harry by the sleeve.

"Got any money?" he asked sadly.

"Money!" Harry grinned. "For what?"

"To buy theatre tickets with," was the sheepish answer. "Look at that!" Bobby Howe and Dorothy had just passed by. "That's the fifth dance he's had with her — can you beat it? I pass."

Out on the floor with Bobby and Dorothy there was no gloom. Bobby's thumping heart was beating in a mad effort to break its imprisoning fetters, while on Dorothy's piquant face had settled a deep flush, rendering that winsome dame exuberantly beautiful.

"Dot," whispered Bobby, "do you remember that last day we spent together last summer?"

"Do I remember?" murmured she, giving his hand a little squeeze that sent thrills of joy up and down his spine. "Do I remember, how I tried to swim to an island that looked so near, and was, oh, so far away — and how a nice, sun-tanned boy came swimming out to me — and how I put my arms over his shoulders, and how he towed me in, and——"

"And this little girl wouldn't let me kiss her——"

"Bobby! Please!" pleaded Dorothy reprovingly.

"So her head went under water a little, but——"

"Bobby!"

"And do you remember how we sat in the sand way out on that point all the long afternoon, with our backs against a big rock, and watched the sails out at sea, and the white gulls skimming along the tops of the waves, and the breakers curling over the sands and——"

"The sun was terribly hot that afternoon, wasn't it Bobby?"

"Yes, terribly. And we got sunburned, didn't we? Remember?"

"Yes, Bobby." She blushed a little.

"Will I ever forget it!" laughed Bobby. "You were sunburned on one side of the face, and I was sunburned on the other!"

Dorothy blushed furiously.

* * * * *

"I hear you paid for some theatre tickets the other afternoon," said Fred Barnes to Jack Powers about a week later.

"That snipe! Yes. He's blowing around as if he'd done something."

"I guess he did, didn't he? Science, you know."

"Science! Rats!"

"It's too bad, Jack, old man. Really, it is. He can't help it, you know. Really, he can't. I can't myself."

Jack laughed. "Of course not, Fred," he said, "but if you can tell me how he did it, I'll elect you president of the *Deutscher Verein*! It was neat all right—there's no getting around it. You ought to have seen him at the show! And the good-bye kiss at the station—whew! She's a wonder, believe——What are you laughing at?"

"Jack, do you believe in fairies?"

"What are you raving about now?"

"Listen to this." He picked up a dainty blue note from Bobby Howe's desk. "This happened to be lying open. Listen!"

"Brookline, Monday."

"Dear Bobby:—

"Why, of course I'll forgive you. You should have written months ago. (Just see what you've missed). It would be just the dearest if you could meet me at the train as you suggest. I'll see Harold about the dances. (He's my cousin, you know.)

"Yours in haste,

"Dot."

"P. S.—You must promise to behave, Bobby.—Love, D."

"Which looks to me," remarked Fred, "as if——"

"What do you know about — 'a girl I never saw before' — and I paid for the tickets!"

O. L. C.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH

IT was a dreary afternoon in April. The wind blew in gusts across the bay and slanted the rain through the streets of the little sea-port town. Smith, suit-case in hand, and collar up, tramped from the railway station towards the pier, and thought of the comfortable fire at home. He resolved never again to commence such a trip without giving the matter careful thought.

Striking down a side street, he walked briskly and came out on the water-front. Here, he found the steamer schedule had been changed. The afternoon boat, on which he had expected to reach Bear Island, had left. He must wait until the next day. When that morning, he had received an invitation from his old room-mate, William Joyce, to spend a week at a camp in the bay, he had made ready on an hour's notice. Another guest was to have met him here at Queensford; but Bill, with his usual foresight, had forgotten to mention the changed boat schedule. The other man had gone on without him.

But this was not the worst, as Smith suddenly remembered. He had with him barely enough money for the trip. On investigation, the margin proved to be one dollar. Though usually careful to have a sufficient supply of cash, his departure had been so hurried that there was no time to get funds. He had relied upon Bill for a loan. Now, he was up against it: one dollar must meet his needs until the morrow.

With a grunt of disgust, he turned and made his way along the wet cobbles to the village centre, where, after inquiry and a short search, he discovered a small lodging place. Before it, a sign, creaking in the wind, proclaimed "The Queensford House." On a rainy afternoon, it looked anything but inviting. In the early days, the place had been a prosperous inn, but broken shutters and a general air of decay now evidenced its fallen fortunes.

Smith entered a long, low room. Wooden benches lined the walls. At hand, or rather at foot, an occasional cuspidor rested within easy striking distance. Though superficially of the com-

mon lodging-house type, the room, like the house exterior, bore traces of a byegone time. It was panelled with age-blackened wood. A chimney filled a half of the further wall. Boards, covered with wall-paper, blocked the fire-place. Before the chimney stood a huge Franklin stove.

A gray-haired man told him that he might have a room on the second floor for seventy-five cents. On his agreeing to this, the old fellow, shuffling from behind his desk, preceded him up a flight of stairs and along a corridor. He opened a door at the end, and entering a small room, threw the shutters open, handed Smith the door key, and left.

Smith examined his surroundings and found that, aside from a musty odor, the room was comfortable. The furniture was characteristic of the house—old and worn; but lacked the redeeming interest of quality which the house possessed. The bed-linen was clean. Smith, however, felt that, though a flower-sack served the purpose, a pillow-case was more usual. Still, what could he expect for the money?

He went down stairs and talked to the old man. Then the rain ceased, and he went out to see the town. In walking towards the water-front, he was surprised at the number of dark-skinned faces that he saw; but, on inquiry, found that they were "Portugees," of whom there are many along the Massachusetts' coast.

On the bench, a fisherman was cleaning a dory. Smith watched for a while, then drew near and entered into conversation with him. The man spoke of fishing; it wasn't what it had been; fish were scarce, and the "furriners" would work for less wages. He continued in this strain for a time; then, like all Yankees, started to ask questions.

"Yu' here fer long?" he said.

Smith replied that he was stopping over night.

"Up at the hotel, I s'pose," came next.

Smith shook his head.

The man looked up. "Yuh ain't at the Queansford House, are yuh?" he asked. And when Smith nodded, he raised himself to his feet.

"Don't stay there to-night," he said earnestly. "Don't do it. Why, they ain't sca'cely a man in town that yuh cud get tuh spend the night there on April seventeenth — 'ceptin' old John Coffin that runs the place. Yuh didn't see no one there, did yuh, sittin' in the big room?"

Smith said that he hadn't. It was a thing which had surprised him, for such a place usually has it's habitues.

"No, o' course yuh didn't," affirmed the fisherman. "They keep shy in it one day a year." He looked at Smith searchingly. "Yuh don't believe in hants?" he said.

"I don't know — I might," was Smith's reply. "Why don't people stop at the Queensford House to-day?"

The sailor settled into an easy attitude. "Well, sir," he said, "it's this way. Jacob Cradshaw, the grandfather of Captain Cradshaw who used to live there, was murdered durin' the night, just seventy-seven years back. Stabbed he was — his boy heard him cry, and runnin' out in his room, found the old man propped up with the blood flowin' from his side. He looked sort of wild, and was starin' down the hallway. When he saw his son, he cried, 'He's just gone, boy, just gone. We gotta have the letter! Hurry! Yuh c'n catch him!' He tried to get up. His son caught him as he fell, and the old man died in the boy's arms, whisperin' to 'catch him and get the letter.' What was in the letter, or who *he* was, no one ever knew; but every year at night, on April seventeenth, the old man comes back and wanders over the house; huntin', always huntin', fer the letter he'll never find, and mutterin' and mumblin' as he goes." He paused. "'O' course, they aint no harm in bein' there durin' the day," he said, "but the boys want to be on the safe side."

The man scrutinized Smith, then smiled grimly. "Yuh don't believe it now," he said, "but you will to-morrow."

It was late and Smith was hungry. So he inquired the way to a lunch room, where he spent fifteen cents for coffee and rolls. Having eaten, he strolled about until nine, when he sought the House. His day's trip had tired him. Bidding "old John Coffin" good-night, he went to his room.

The house was terribly quiet. He seemed to be the only

guest. The fisherman's story kept recurring in his mind. However, he was soon in bed, and, half an hour later, asleep.

Suddenly, he was all alert. The moon shed a pallid light through the window. The wind, which had risen during the night, whispered and moaned about the house; causing the timbers to creak and crack as though walked by unseen feet. And—yes; slowly, very slowly, the door swung inward. He had locked it; yet now it opened. A bent figure crossed the threshold. It had long arms. One hand was pressed to its side. It paused a moment as though looking for something; then, moved towards the bed. Smith tried to shout, but could utter no sound. He shut his eyes——

Next, he was upright in bed. Surely he had been dreaming; but no. There the gruesome thing sat in a chair, it's back to him. Summoning all his courage, he crouched tense; then sprang, and grappling with his coat, fell upon the floor. Slowly, Smith picked himself up and stood looking at his own scattered garments. Then he sighed, and crawled back into bed.

He caught the early morning boat for Bear Island.

E. WHITTLESEY

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS

"NOW please, do write often, Jim. It will be terribly lonely without you. I don't know what put it into father's head to take this silly southern tour, but, I suppose, he thinks it will do me good."

"Of course you will be some time in the West Indies?"

"No. We stop there only a few hours; a whole day in Vera Cruz, Mexico, and then on down to Rio de Janiero, South America. You remember Catherine Lewis, my room-mate at school, don't you? Well, her father is one of the big men down in Mexico, and we are going to stay with her while there."

"You had better not make any more commotion in Mexico. They have had enough trouble there already," replied Jim, smiling. "Well, I must be off. That infernal Government office wants me about something or other, but count on my being at the ship to-night at ten. I'm sure you'll have a delightful time; can't conceive of any more attractive trip."

"Good-bye," she said, extending her hand to Jim Hollister.

He pressed it slightly and turned away.

Half an hour later he was sitting in the Government office with Mr. Goldsmith, chief of the Secret Service Department.

"Hollister," began Mr. Goldsmith, "I understand that you are a very clever man at getting across the border. I have here a very peculiar and at the same time dangerous errand for you. Naturally, you are aware of the present situation in Mexico, and are in sympathy with the Federals, I hope. Well, here is my proposition. We have here in Washington some very important documents which have to be taken immediately to the Federal headquarters, near Mexico City. I cannot impress upon you how necessary it is for these to get through safely. Being accustomed to such missions, you know, no doubt, the danger of spies and the like accompanying them. You are to sail to-night at eight-thirty, if you accept."

Mr. Goldsmith paused, leaned back in his chair, and scrutinized Jim Hollister carefully. Here was the very man for the task — experienced, keen-witted, and indifferent to danger.

Hollister, after a moment's reflection, arose and holding out his hand, said, "I think I shall accept the proposition, Mr. Goldsmith."

"Good! There is no time like the present. The quicker you get off the better," replied Mr. Goldsmith, extending an envelope.

Jim went out of the office with the precious package carefully stowed away in his inside pocket. The one thing he regretted was that this unexpected affair prevented his seeing Marjorie off that night. "I can send her flowers at all events," he murmured to himself.

When he stepped into the street, an odd-looking individual wearing a loud checked suit was lounging against the building. Jim passed by but could not help commenting on the man's poor taste. But later on in the afternoon, as he was coming out of the florists, where he had ordered a box of beautiful orchids for Marjorie, and had enclosed an apologetic note, he was quite surprised to see the same queer-looking man walking parallel to him on the opposite side of the street.

At eight that evening he was comfortably seated in a little café — apparently in deep contemplation, but was rudely awakened from his thoughts by a clap on the shoulder and a voice saying:

"Well, Bill, old man, how are you? I haven't seen you for sometime. Where in the world have you been keeping yourself?"

"Excuse me, sir, but there seems to be a slight mistake here. In the first place be careful whom you hit, and secondly, my name is not Bill!" retorted Hollister as he wheeled around to look straight into the face of that same person in the checked suit.

"What," exclaimed the latter, "isn't your name William Graham, and don't you remember your old friend, Jack Leslie?"

"No! Graham is not my name, and as yet I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"Well, well, I'm very sorry, and I hope you will accept my most humble apologies. I took you for an old friend of mine. You are the living image of Graham. But surely you won't refuse to drink with me? Oh, waiter! Waiter!! Here, please. Bring two Martini's and some cold meat. My dear man, your similarity to that fellow Graham is most remarkable."

Jim naturally resented this intrusion, but it now seemed unavoidable. The stranger was agreeable enough and certainly had excellent manners, even if he had given him a violent greeting.

The conversation had been running for some time on politics and affairs of the day, until Leslie asked Jim what he thought of the Mexican situation. The generous little stranger apparently wished to atone for his previous misdemeanour by continuing ordering more drinks; consequently Jim was in a very talkative mood.

"Well, Mr. Leslie," he began, "the present situation down in Mexico is, as a whole, much too large a topic for a man of my ability to talk sensibly on. It is one of the worst problems confronting us to-day, and, unless immediate steps are taken, it will prove too hard for us to handle. But aside from that, I have some very important papers with me that I hope to get to the Federal headquarters in Mexico. I leave for Vera Cruz at eight-thirty in the evening, and if all goes well, I——" He stopped abruptly, as if realizing that he had been speaking too freely.

"I certainly hope you will get through all right," answered Leslie, much interested, "but the rebels have many men right here in Washington to prevent any communication. At this moment the bar-tender came in and whispered a few words to Leslie.

"Please excuse me a moment, my dear fellow. Some one wants to speak to me outside. I'll be back very soon."

Jim felt a strange feeling of weariness stealing over him, and, unmindful of his errand, fell fast asleep.

Some time later he was aroused by someone shaking him violently. He staggered to his feet and saw Mr. Goldsmith standing over him looking like a thunder-cloud.

"Where are the papers, Hollister?" demanded Mr. Goldsmith.

Jim reached into his pocket mechanically.

"They are gone, sir," he replied.

"Gone?" echoed Mr. Goldsmith. "You fool! You lunatic! Don't you know that the value of these papers is priceless. You

have acted like a child, and besides disgracing yourself for life, you have handed over to the enemy a most important military document which will——”

“Just a moment, sir,” interrupted Jim, casually looking at his watch. “It’s half past eleven now — hum — well, a friend of mine, Miss Marjorie Allan, left at ten o’clock en route for Vera Cruz, with them in a bunch of orchids.”

MIDDLETON DeCAMP

WINTER

WHILE logs in the fire-place faintly flicker, and the angry tempest pounds on the pane, with a rush of wind and a rattle of rain, and a chill that makes the blood run quicker, contented and warm we happily snicker, and sneer at the bowling hurricane, while logs in the fire-place faintly flicker, and the angry tempest pounds on the pane. ’Tis a waste of words to quarrel and bicker, so we sit and chat in a minor strain, with a rounded stein of steaming liquor, and a pipe of cube to entertain, while the angry tempest pounds on the pane, and the logs in the fire-place faintly flicker.

W. E. D. STOKES

SPRING

Cool spring, half-veiled in golden haze,
Now walks the hills, and in amaze,
The world bursts into song.

A web of palest green enclothes
Her supple form, and where she goes,
Its lustre lingers long.

Bright dew drops, sparkling from her hair,
Bestrew the hills. She breathes; the air
Is filled with faint perfume.

She smiles; the sun bathes all in light,
Each bud bursts its vestment tight:
The whole world is in tune.

The stirring pulse of life grows strong,
The hedge row and the wall along,
Where e'er her foot may chance.

Long since, she roused the sleeping brook.
The snow-drift, in its sheltered nook,
Shrinks back before her glance.

A whispered movement stirs the trees,
Life flits in every passing breeze,
And blooms on every strand.

Along the windy hilltop ways,
The hours slip by in gypsy days,
For spring now walks the land.

E. WHITTLESEY

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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All business communications should be addressed to 23 Day Hall.

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

EDITORIALS

Through the kindness of Mr. George X. McLanahan of Washington, D. C., the *Mirror* is able to continue to offer prizes for worthy contributions, printed during the Winter term. The prizes will be awarded under the same conditions as in the past Fall term. For the best short story, essay, or other prose work, a prize of five dollars will be given; for the second best, two dollars. A prize of three dollars will be awarded for the best poem.

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April

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FOUNDED 1854

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APRIL, 1914

No. 6

A BROTHERLY FAVOR

“**H**ERE I am with absolutely nothing to do after having hastened so madly for home from Andover. I thought there would surely be something exciting happening, and came back on the first train possible, even giving up a good time with some of the fellows in Boston in order to do so. And what, pray, do I get in return for all this self-denial? Nothing! All the bunch seem to have mysteriously disappeared. Tom is in New York, Jack is in Boston,—and so it goes! Not a blessed person with whom to enjoy life. This makes me weary!”

It was James Barton, Jr., speaking, commonly called Jimmy by his friends, all of whom had apparently abandoned him at this critical moment. The facts were as he had sadly confided to his dog, stretched out comfortably before a cheerful fire. Not one of his former associates could be found anywhere. As a result Jimmy was exceedingly peeved. At first glance, one would very likely consider him by no means in the worst of luck. The previously mentioned fire burnt brightly enough, and crackled, and spat sparks in a warm companionable manner; but it seemed cold and pitifully cheerless to lonesome Jimmy as he lay back in a huge armchair before the blaze. Surely no one could have desired a softer or more comfortable seat, but Jimmy's mind was in such a riled condition that the chair seemed merely to be made up of so many rocks piled together. Even his well-beloved pipe did not seem to give him the same sense of peace and good-will towards men that was usually the case. Now it seemed to behave in any but the right way, going out every now and then and, when it did stay lit, pulling in an abominable fashion. Altogether, the whole world seemed to be drawn up in force against poor Jimmy, and he was feeling very miserable.

Of a sudden the telephone bell rang. Jimmy dropped his pipe and the hot ashes fell upon his dog. Jimmy did not notice in the least the howls of pained surprise caused by this inconsiderate action. He was sprinting wildly for the telephone. As he ran, quick thoughts sped through his brain. Who could it be? Perhaps some of the bunch were back. A thousand conjectures arose as to who it was, and what was about to turn up. At any rate, he thought, there would be something doing whoever it was. Anything to break up the monotony!

"Hello, Jimmy," it was his brother speaking, "I am about to confer upon you a great favor. I fully realize that in former days I have slighted you a bit, but now I'm going to make up for everything."

"Well," snapped Jimmy, "can the bull, and tell me what it's all about. What's the idea? Quick! I can't stand the strain."

"It's just this way, kid," soothed brother Bill in a patronizing tone, "I'm up at Marie's now, and we have a little hunch. You trot down to the garage and get the machine, bring it to us, and we'll get another girl for you. Then we'll all go down to the dansant at the Hotel Charles in Charlemont. Now rustle around and be here in half an hour."

"Yes, but—how do I know but what you'll pawn off a lemon on me? Who is my dame anyway?" Jimmy was not inclined to take any chances with his brother's favors. Far too often had they turned out to be, as he had said, lemons.

"You'll have to trust me. We'll get you a friend of Marie's who has been left over in college during the vacation." And with that Bill shut off, and Jimmy was left dubiously scratching his head and wondering whether he'd better take a chance or not.

"Anything is better than this hanging around. I'm going whether I get stung or not." With these words Mr. James Barton, Jr., dashed madly around in preparation, and it was not long before a long grey car could be seen speeding towards the home of Marie James, brother Bill's fiancée. And it was but a short time before the same auto drew up in front of a dormitory, and Jimmy descended to get his lady fair.

He rang the bell and—the most glorious creature Jimmy had ever seen swept forth. She was small, but not too small—about up to his eyes, he thought bewilderedly. Her features were beyond compare; a perfect chin, a mouth that was bewitchingly attractive and at this moment parted in a smile allowing a glimpse of wonderful pearly teeth! And the eyes, black, large, and snapping with merriment! Above these there was a profusion of jet black hair which seemed to go in all directions and yet belong there, hidden for the most part by a saucy little velvet creation which added a certain adorable piquancy to the most beautiful face Jimmy had ever had the delirium of gazing upon.

He gasped and stood speechless, tried to speak, but couldn't force his tongue to utter a sound till brother Bill, divining the difficulty, hastened up and introduced the fairy as a Miss Jessamie Brontelle. Then Jimmy managed to mutter a few banalities and felt like a young calf let loose in a tea-room.

The ride to Charlemont was like a dream. As time wore on, Jimmy managed to find his tongue, and attempted a little conversation. Much to his surprise the marvel not only deigned to speak to him, but confined her attention to him all of the way, a proceeding which gave poor Jimmy such a mixed feeling of ineffable happiness and worry lest he commit some heinous *gaucherie*, that his mind was in a very chaotic condition when they pulled up before the Hotel Charles.

Despite the adverse weather conditions, to which Jimmy had paid no attention because of his temporary visitation in the land of dreams, all Charlemont, it appeared, had braved the tempest, and come to the *thé dansant*. There were all sorts of autos, from huge foreign-like monsters down to pests of the road such as Fords, and each and every one was piled up with happy laughing couples who merrily scurried for the entrance and within, where the fun was to take place.

The room to which brother Bill and Marie led the wonderful Miss Brontelle and the dazed but happy Jimmy was a huge, high-ceilinged one, refulgent with the reflected radiance of thousands of indirect lights which, bathing the whole room in a glorious flood of light, seemed to make it a veritable chamber of gold. The sides of the room were lined with tables, fast filling

with the dance-mad sybarites of Charlemont, and covered with a spread, more suited to the appetite of a dancer than any other could possibly have been. From a gallery above one side came the alluring strains of the orchestra which, unseen because of a wall of ferns and potted plants, filled the whole room with an uneasy desire to tap the foot and, rising, to dance.

"Let's dance," suggested the adored one, for already the shining floor was being covered with the lovers of the Terpsichorean art. Up jumped Jimmy and sailed away with the only girl in his arms. A deep peace settled on him. They danced as one, she dancing perfectly and he, much to his own surprise, not stumbling all over her dear feet as he feared would be the case. No—he sailed around in triumph with this little bunch of sweetness snuggled up cozily against him, her cheek brushing his shoulder, and the feather on her hat tickling his nose in a delightful way. As he smiled back into her twinkling eyes, he wondered if he could ever feel happier.

After the first dance she was claimed by brother Bill, and Jimmy was left to dance with Marie. He did this in a perfunctory sort of way, all the time thinking of the first dance and marvelling at what a marvelous being Jessamie was. For the most wonderful girl had, in that dance, expressed a desire to be called by her first name. What ecstasy this had caused Jimmy. No wonder he did not prove a very agreeable companion to Marie, and no wonder she told him she thought he was as silent and moon-eyed as an information bureau.

At last Jimmy rescued his dream girl from a small army of admirers, and dragged her proudly away for another dance. Once again he was lost in the depths of her teasing eyes and perfectly oblivious to all but her. This dance she confided the fact that she sort of liked him, and Jimmy was so overcome he could but grasp her the closer, and babble on about how much he more than liked her. And she merely laughed and held his hand all the tighter.

"May I cut in?" Down crashed Jimmy's exalted thoughts and left him staring inanely at a tall young fellow whose chief characteristic was a cute little third eyebrow. Poor Jimmy muttered something, and Jessamie hurriedly drew them out of

the dancers' way to introduce Mr. Reginald Van Beckney with whom she soon was sailing about the hall as joyously as if, but a moment before, she had not been raising Jimmy to the seventh heaven of delight.

But now Jimmy did not feel joyful. He was plunged in the depths of despair. He strode out of the room, flopped down in a chair in the foyer, viciously pulled out a butt, and as viciously lit it and puffed fiercely. He called down all the maledictions he could think of upon the heads of those favoring the abominable practise of cutting-in, and especially upon that Mr. Reginald Van Beckney. Bah! Who was this bewhiskered individual anyway, who had stolen away his jewel when he was in the midst of a wonderful dance? Jimmy kicked the chair-leg and bit his butt in two, such was his vexation.

He was roused from thoughts of murder by a tap on his shoulder and heard his brother saying, "Hurry up! We're waiting for you."

We're waiting for you! Magic words they were to Jimmy. They meant that she was waiting for him, too. She must not be kept waiting, so up he sprang and hastened after his brother to where she was waiting.

"Good-bye," she was saying, at the same time smiling at him in that tantalizing way he knew so well, "I'm going with Reggie. I've had a perfectly lovely time."

Good bye! Going with Reggie! Jimmy was thunderstruck. She was actually saying that she was going to leave him! She was leaving! She had gone! Jimmy felt a wild impulse to rush after her, grasp her and hold her and, if the Reggie person should interfere, kill him with a blow. But he did none of these things. He could not move. Deep despair fell over him. The whole world seemed wicked and cold again. Marie whispered to him that Jessamie was engaged to Mr. Van Beckney. This did not add to miserable Jimmy's felicitation. Now he knew why his brother, base deceiver ever, had "conferred upon him this great favor." He, Jimmy, had merely been an amusement and an accommodation to be used till Reginald Van Beckney arrived. As this bitter truth struck him, he found utterance, and the parting guests were surprised by his heart-broken cry, "Foxed."

C. NORMAN FITTS

O FONS BANDUSIAE

Bandusian fount, than crystal clearer far,
Worthy of wine's sweet breath and garland's praise,
Tomorrow shall a kid to thee be slain,
Whose head bears proudly its first horns of youth,
Presaging love and battle's joyful strife.
But all to naught, for soon the red life blood
Of this young offspring of the sportive herd
Will stain with crimson drops thy living stream.

The blighting season of the dog-star's heat
Knows not to touch thee with its hand of fire.
Thou breathest thy cool breath on th' weary kine,
And grantest pleasant rest to wandering flocks.
Thou mayest be placed among streams known afar,
Do I but sing in measured strains the praise
Of oaks set high above the sunflecked shade
Of rocks whence flow thine ever murmuring rills.

N. BURTON PARADISE

A HILL TOWN

THE town is in the hills, ten miles from the railroad. The pleasantest way to reach it is to drive up from the valley; a three hours' trip. However, by getting out at the nearest railway station, one may shorten the distance five miles. It is charming country; wild, hilly, and watered by numerous streams. In the woods, spruce and maple predominate, but there are also numerous nut-trees. Squirrels are abundant, and other small game such as rabbits, grouse, and quail. The streams are full of trout. Much of the timber land is owned by firms in the valley. Through the winter, men are busy cutting spruce, and sawing the logs into boards.

Fifty years back, the town had a population of two thousand. There were prosperous farms in the hills, which were tilled by thrifty American farmers. There was a vigorous church—a centre of community life. Across from it, stood a red brick house—the pastor's home. Schools flourished in the various districts. Aside from their ordinary purpose, these were used for gatherings of all kinds.

Now, the population has dwindled to five hundred, many of whom are foreigners. Walking over the countryside, one sees ruined houses and grass-grown cellars. Foreign faces peer from the doors. In that house with the gaping windows and fallen roof, lived a prosperous farmer, fifty years ago. He was happy, made a good living, and, when he died, he left some thousand dollars—to foreign missions, by the way. One of his sons is now president of a small western college. In front of the place, asters and a few tiny pansies struggle with the grass. They are the remnants of a garden which his wife tended with loving care. The farm land, too, is going back. What were well kept fields are now grown with scrub pine.

At a little distance is a family burying ground—its headstones half hidden in the grass. Its only regular visitor is a representative of the Grand Army of the Republic. Yearly, he places flags on the graves of two sons who died for the Union.

A small building stands in ruin, a mile away. It seems situated in the midst of fields; but, if one looks, traces of what

was a road are found. The windows are broken. A bell once hung in the turret on its roof. The interior is bare, save for a disabled desk in a corner. Blackboards line the walls. They are covered with names; some dating twenty years back. Climbing to the left, dust and cobwebs come to view and a family of squirrels leaves by way of the window.

The citizens of the town have gone to decay in a manner similar to its structures. There is William Weatherby, who lives on a nearby farm. The house roof leaked and was worse with every storm, but William didn't mind. Finally, the one dry spot was under the kitchen table, for oil cloth covered this. When I was last there, his wife and he lived in the barn.

Not far off, is a home in which are several children. Two winters back, one of these, a boy, accidentally shot his sister in the leg. It was eight miles to the doctor. The girl bled to death before he reached the place, for no one knew how to stop the flow of blood.

In another house, lived an old man alone. The weather was cold. A neighbor, passing, saw no signs of life, and went in. The man was dead—had frozen two nights before.

Some of the abandoned farms are owned by absentees. The most solitary are rarely visited. Often squatters or tramp families live in them until driven out. In such a structure on a lonely hillside, a family, comprising a feeble-minded father, mother, and seven children, was found recently. The house contained six pieces of furniture; a stove, two chairs, two beds, and a chest of drawers. Articles of clothing were stretched over the paneless window frames. There was no water within a quarter of a mile. The children were filthy. When asked why they weren't kept clean, the mother said that it hadn't rained recently.

On the other hand, several of the homesteads are kept up to the old standard. In one of these lives uncle Putney, so called. Uncle was a cowboy once; he worked in the Chicago stock yards years ago. There he made money and came back to settle down in his boyhood home. While in Chicago, he was once on the point of marrying—had gone so far as to purchase a suit for the occasion. But she unexpectedly married another man. However, Uncle still has the suit.

His sister, Miss Putney, is a dear old lady, and a fine cook. Her doughnuts are wonderful. She calls them fried cakes. I remember one day hearing her tell a neighbor about trolley cars. The nearest line is thirty miles away. "Why, do you know, Hannah," she said, "they can go up hill just as fast as they can go down." The school mistress boards here. She is eighteen years old and presides at the small stone building down the road. The structure was built in 1840, and has the appearance of a fort. When she was engaged to teach the school committee told her that male visitors were not allowed. However, their ideas don't sway her. The other day a little boy came to see her. In school that morning he had learned something about the states, and was interested. He wanted to ask "teacher" if Massachusetts was "bigger than Gran'paw's farm." Gran'paw's farm is six hundred and forty acres.

The centre of daily activity now, as then, is the general store. This, with the proprietor's house, the church, and the parsonage, form the visible town. The church is in need of paint and is without a steeple. A wind storm blew it off. It was never replaced, though the gap was boarded over. The parsonage has been closed for years. The pastor lodges with the store-keeper. The store is of the usual country type—everything for sale and the whole scattered about with little seeming order. There is a large circular stove in the centre which is kept in full blast during the winter months. The store keeper is the chief man in the town. In the valley, fifteen miles away, he is spoken of as the "king" of——. He holds the best of the town offices and controls the rest. Many of the farmers owe him money. Often one wishes to sell out and leave. Such can find a buyer in the "king," who will always give a fair price for land. In this way, he has acquired many tracts. He is in touch with labor agents in the city, through whom he gets foreigners to take up the properties. They are enterprising. They cultivate the land intensively. Their standard of living is not so high as that of their neighbors. Therefore, they prosper. The "king" also prospers, for he gets rent for his land and trade for his store.

The decay of the town took place through natural causes. Year by year, land on the hills became poorer, for the forests

were cut to make room for farms; and the earth washed away leaving rock close to the surface. The west was opened. The best farmers went, for land was cheap there, and better adapted to agriculture. Then, too, the community is isolated. This affected it in two ways. In the early days, the town was sufficient unto itself; manufactured its necessities and imported little. But it came more and more to rely on outside products. Supplies had to be hauled from the valley. As the demand grew, this became increasingly difficult. Besides the city offered opportunities for amusement, as well as for enterprise and ability, which the farm did not afford.

However, the above mentioned are only contributing causes. The second effect of the town's isolation was that little new blood came to it. The old stock ran out. The more enterprising people went away. Those left behind were discards.

For the visitor, the town has more than held its own. The countryside is wonderful in early spring. On the wood-roads along the brooks, arbutus blooms before the snow is quite gone. A little later, mountain laurel is abundant; and in June, the pink azalea blossoms in many pastures. I remember particularly some orchids that Bill and I found in June. We were walking in a part of the woods new to us. A swamp showed ahead, and we were turning back when Bill saw them — hundreds growing there. We picked a few. Later, we found that they were showy orchids, the handsomest flowers I ever saw.

Last May, eight of us spent three days at a camp in the township. The cabin faces west. Wonderful sunsets take place beyond the hills. The first morning, three fished. We stuck to one brook, catching eighty trout. They were small, averaging a little more than six inches. The whole catch, together with baked potatoes and coffee, served for one meal. Each day before breakfast we all ran down to the brook, where it cascades into a deep pool. We were in, and out again as soon as possible, for the water was very cold. However, it waked us. There is a fireplace in the big room which takes in five-foot logs. The nights were sharp, so every evening a big fire blazed on the hearth. In winter the camp is visited by parties of fox hunters.

There are practically no summer visitors in the town; for,

though the country is beautiful, it is hard to reach. Some day, a hotel will be built, the village opened to cottagers, and the place will resume a prosperous appearance. At present, large tracts of land are covered with spruce. Raising spruce, and summer boarders seems to be the future of the community.

E. WHITTLESEY

CULTURE

Sweet Waldo made a coarse grimace;
Ma put on black at such disgrace;
Aunt went to Europe; sister cried,
And father took to drink and died.

L. D. SMITH

TO DAY

I started out for Day Hall Dorm
About a week ago,
To get from there a book I'd lent
— It was my Cicero.
I looked up at my "Ben" which said
I should be under way
As there were but ten minutes left
In which to go to Day.

So up I ran to our dear "Prof"
And said to him, "Kind sir,
I wish to go to Day to-night.
Unless I greatly err,
There are about eight minutes left
To go and to return,
So you can see I must be off
And haven't time to burn."

He looked at me and said, "My boy,
Where have you been to-night
That you cannot talk English straight
And seem in this sad plight?
You speak as though you thought it day,
And say, it's almost ten.
Now tell me where you wish to go,
But don't say 'day' again."

"I want to go to Day," I cried.
"To-night you mean," he said,
"Now stop, young man, and think a while;
Yes, try to use your head."
"But, Sir, you surely see," said I,
"It's plain as it can be:
I wish to go to Day, to Day
To-night, to Day, you see."

"I've told you once it is not day."

His rage began to rise,
As did the hair upon his head
From mental exercise.

"I simply have to get that book!"
I whined in plaintive sighs,
In hopes he'd have compassion now
And cease to dogmatize.

Then at his blank and glassy face
I cast a stealthy glance,
And saw the truth was dawning there
Upon his countenance.
Then all at once a smile broke forth
Which countenanced my hope;
And out spake he with wisdom that
Would shame a learned pope.

"Day Hall is what you mean, my man?
— Well now I apprehend;
You wish to go to Day Hall now
To see a certain friend!"
But as he spoke the clock struck ten;
Of course it was too late.
I simply stood and stared at him,
Not caring to debate.

I never was so mad before,
Just mad enough to swear.
The clock had struck the fatal hour
And left me standing there.
I wish therefore, to say a word,
Lest you should be misled,
Don't ever go to Day at night,
But go to bed instead.

L. D. SMITH

THE HOT DAWG

(From the notes of the Hon. Percy A. Peewee, on his travels and discoveries.)

THE Hot-Dawg was first discovered by Noah in the year (more than likely) 1,000,000 B. C., when he invited all the animals of the earth to go on a yachting party of about one hundred days. It was seen wriggling slowly up the gangplank by the side of its mate. Many millions of years after, it is still to be seen wriggling down some poor unfortunate's throat, hotly pursued by a cold glass of coffee — or beer.

In some cities — mostly in Pittsburg — it grows with a slight covering of dust, with which the mustard mixes to form a delightful taste. Usually the Dawgs come in families of a dozen, tied together like Siamese twins, but the butcher or lunch counter man cuts them into separate worms. The Hot-Dawg has a very tight skin, which fits it very becomingly. Some of them are of a pale species, probably caused by the long exposure to the sun, streaming in a show-window.

They are wonderful agents of destruction; one can become smeared with the yellow coating which they usually wear — called mustard. (That word is derived from the two words mussed — pronounced “must” — and “hard”; in other words, must-hard.)

Hot-Dawgs are most commonly seen at railway station lunch-rooms, dog-wagons, and on the corner of the walk to the Main Building, where a wild, wicked, willan called John, has them in captivity. They are generally sold for a dime, but it is worth five dollars to eat one.

W. B. GELLATLY

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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EDITORIALS

The question is not whether this overwhelming force known as Spring Fever deserves praise or blame, but what shall we do with it? Enrobed in all its glories, and all its imperfections, you see about you, and experience within yourself the increasing indolence and fatuity for which this insidious influence of Spring-tide is alone to blame. What monsters have not been generated from the unnatural contention in which we find ourselves, on one side the helpless butt of pedagogism; on the other, of this sleeping sickness! How weakened are our powers of REFUSAL! Indeed, such circumstances as these strongly urge us to determine something.

As far as we are capable of discerning, there are but three ways of proceeding relative to this febrile feeling of spring, that now so largely pervades the atmosphere. These are: to

change that spirit as inconvenient by removing the causes; to prosecute as criminal; or to comply with it as necessary.

The first of these plans, to change this inconvenient spirit by removing the cause, immediately involves the following question: What causes Spring Fever? Answer:—Spring. However, since this season of bursting buds, babbling birds, and the like has so endeared itself to the heart of mankind, the removal of spring amounts to an act nothing short of brutal. Therefore, we shall not consider it further, but direct our attention to the next proposition.

At the scheme of prosecuting the spirit inculcated by Spring Fever as criminal, we dare not pause, for the thing seems too big for our ideas of jurisprudence.

Thus, by the process of elimination, no way is open but the third and last,—to comply with the spirit as a necessary evil, in doing which one will undoubtedly incur the customary naive distrust usually accorded to an exponent of ideas glorious and great.

* * * * *

The *Mirror* is pleased to announce the election of N. Burton Paradise to its editorial board.

H. F. CHASE

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THE PURPLE BUNGALOW

THE path followed closely the shore of a large woodland lake situated in the heart of the White Mountains. It was early morning in that season of the year most beloved by the poets, and indeed nothing could have been more worthy of their praise than this glorious day in spring. As Chester Field walked slowly along, it seemed that the mountains had never before appeared so near and big and blue. Their presence seemed almost oppressive as they rose high and towering all around the lake. But gradually, as he leisurely followed the path, the sun came up over their rim, the soft mists and sombre mysteries of the shadows faded into nothingness, and once again in the sunlight, the mountains assumed their familiar aspect of open cheerfulness.

While aimlessly wandering along, reflecting upon the delightfulness of simply being alive, he found himself quite a way out upon a little neck of land that projected some distance into the lake. This miniature peninsula was covered with a growth of spruce and white birch, and through these trees, a little beyond, he could catch a glimpse of a bungalow. At the sight of this habitation of man, he immediately remembered the fact that he had had no breakfast, and suddenly he knew himself to be the possessor of a ravenous appetite. Earlier in the morning he had left camp before any of the others had awakened. The previous evening an invitation had been received to spend the next day with some friends who also had a summer camp on the lake. Field had never met the people, but the peculiarity of their name had, at the time, caught his attention. The proposed visit had not appealed to him, however, and a keen desire to escape a day of probable dullness

accounted for his present situation. He drew out his watch astonished to find how late it had already become.

"They must have all left camp by now," he mused. "If only I were not so hungry! A good way to get breakfast without going all the way back home would be to play the tramp act at yonder bungalow," was the idea that now suggested itself. He looked down at his attire. Although his clothes had too much of a sporting character to them for a genuine hobo, they were certainly not in any too good condition. After some further consideration, Field decided that he liked the idea. The slightly romantic nature of the plan appealed to a desire, more or less present with everyone, to escape now and then from the prosaic. Assuming, therefore, as dejected and tramp-like a manner as possible, he directed his course toward the bungalow.

As he approached, however, his steps gradually became more reluctant, until by the time he had reached a spot a few paces distant from the rear door, he had ceased to move at all and stood — gazing at what lay before him. The building faced towards the end of the little peninsula upon which it was situated, and from where Field stood he could see a path, out beyond, which ran down the slope to a small dock on the lake, and two boat-houses. The bungalow itself was covered with shingles of a soft, weather-beaten tint. There was a porch which apparently extended completely around the house, but from where he was standing he could see only the back of the building and a part of one side. On the end in view, a large chimney of rough stone ran from roof to ground.

This Field took in at a glance, and, again urged on by the lure of a breakfast, he covered the remaining distance between himself and the kitchen, and gave the door a polite rap. No answering sound came from within. He remained listening for a minute; except for the sounds of nature in the woods about him, all was perfectly silent. Presently he became conscious of the ticking of the clock inside the kitchen, and, straightening up from his attitude of listening, he gave the door several vigorous bangs.

To the right, a narrow, grass-carpeted lane, walled on

either side by a thick growth of young white birches, joined a country road a short distance away. Nailed to a post on the edge of this road was the usual R. F. D. mail-box on which a woodpecker, deceived by the hollow sound, was hopefully beating a metallic tattoo.

"Both the woodpecker and I," remarked Field to himself, whimsically, "seem to have about an equal chance of gaining the desired entrance." After which optimistic remark he gave the offending door a vindictive kick; then walked around on the porch to the front of the building. From this point could be seen a wonderful view almost infinite in variety. High, dark mountains, greener foothills, sweeping meadows, and brief glimpses through the trees of the bright, restless water — all this was lost on the usually appreciative Field. He pounded the front door several times, but received no response. His eye caught sight of a window to the right of the door. It was unlocked, and slightly open! With a sudden impulse that he could never afterwards account for satisfactorily to his moral accusations, he walked deliberately over to it, raised the sash, and crawled inside.

As Field's eyes gradually became accustomed to the dimmer light, he saw directly in front of him a huge stone fireplace with an old-fashioned crane, and big, black iron fire-dogs. The room was large and high, the ceiling reaching to the roof. About half-way up, a balcony ran all the way around, off which were presumably the sleeping apartments. The room was furnished with the usual summer camp paraphernalia, but everything in very good taste.

He gave, however, but a cursory glance about the place, and headed for a door that looked as if it might perchance lead to the realm of the ice-box. He had scarcely grasped the door-knob when from without there came to his ears a distant but distinct creaking sound which he instantly recognized. He had heard the same sound many times before. It was the regulation creak of a tin R. F. D. mail-box being opened. He remained motionless, in despair. The childishness of what he was doing and the probable results of being discovered in a house not his own, for the moment overwhelmed him. His

first impulse was to hide somewhere, but the foolishness of such an act was immediately apparent. "Perhaps it was only the mail-carrier leaving the mail," he thought, allowing his pent up breath to escape in a quick sigh of relief at the possibility. The shock, however, had been sufficient to make him realize the absolute folly of his performance. He retraced his steps, and, not bothering with the window this time, unlatched the front door and stepped out upon the porch.

He was totally unprepared for the sight that met his eyes. There, seated on the steps, was a girl, who, on Field's emerging from the house, turned around and regarded him in silent surprise. He struggled to formulate some apology that would sound at all feasible, but in vain. Possibly because she observed the look of embarrassed misery that was on his face, perhaps for some other reason, her look of surprise instantly changed and there flashed across her countenance an expression akin to mischievous amusement. Arising from the steps and giving her skirts a few smoothing pats, she said gravely, in a voice that nearly made Field forget all his troubles: "I hope you'll forgive me for trespassing, but I didn't realize I would disturb anyone, and I was so anxious to see the lake from this special point."

"You are entirely welcome," Field managed to answer, in a heroic attempt to master his surprise. "By George!" thought he to himself as the meaning of the girl's words gradually became apparent to his rather confused senses, "she evidently thinks I own the place."

The girl had dark hair, done up in a most bewitching fashion, rather low on her forehead, below which her darker eyes regarded Field with an expression which rather puzzled him. She was dressed in a plain, soft, white shirtwaist, turned in at the neck, with sleeves rolled up, and skirt which just reached the tops of her trim boots. As she stood there on the top step with her cheeks slightly flushed, it seemed to the youth that he had never before beheld a girl half so attractive.

She looked out over the lake. "I should think you would grow to simply love this view," she said presently, without turning.

"I have," he answered, with more feeling than the question

would seem to call for, gazing fixedly at the girl herself, as she leaned lightly, with unconscious grace, upon the porch railing. He came to the conclusion that things, perhaps, were not turning out so badly after all.

"Do you live near here?" he asked by way of conversation; the girl's voice was so wonderfully sweet.

"Yes," she answered with an odd smile, "very near, indeed," and turning to him she was apparently about to continue when from across the lake came the regular put-put-put of a motor-boat. This instantly attracted the girl's attention. Field's soul was again enveloped in gloom. If the owners of the bungalow should come upon the scene now, it would be a hundred times worse than before the girl had arrived.

"What would she think of me?" he meditated grimly, without being able to allow himself much encouragement from the probable outcome. What the girl by the railing thought of him was fast becoming a vital factor in Field's happiness, or at least, so he imagined.

The throb of the motor grew gradually nearer. Field felt helpless. The girl seemed contented to remain silently where she was. A small island near the shore in front of the bungalow hid the boat from view, but there could be no doubt that it was quickly nearing the shore.

"I believe you are going to have visitors," finally remarked the girl, nodding in the direction of the island.

"Yes," agreed Field, smiling with his lips only, his mental agitation increasing with the rapid approach of the boat.

"If the girl would only go before it arrives," he thought. His manhood would not allow him to let her face alone the coming encounter. It was beyond consideration for him to leave unless she did.

Any intention of departure seemed, however, to be far remote from the mind of the young lady. She even began to show a decided interest in the possible arrival of the "visitors." Field pulled out his watch, rubbed his thumb nervously over the crystal and thrust it back into his pocket, not noticing the time. All rational thought, even of breakfast, had long since departed.

The corner of the island was holding his attention with an irresistible fascination when suddenly a large boat shot around into view and glided up to the dock. The passengers with much laughter and talking commenced to climb out upon the landing. Presently they caught sight of Field and the girl, standing on the steps of the bungalow above. Several of them shouted to Chester in surprise. He instantly recognized among the group the crowd from his own camp!

For a fraction of a second his mind was a blank, and then, as certain possibilities began to dawn upon his awakening intellect, he turned to the girl beside him and said abruptly:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Helen Purple," she answered, regarding him with that same Mona Lisa expression which until now he had been unable to fathom.

"Perhaps, Miss Purple," said Chester Field to the girl, as the crowd on the shore came up the path with questioning countenances, "perhaps it would be better if we just pretended that this is the Purple bungalow."

W. K.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE

Joe poured hot lead in Aunt's ear;
Aunt gave way to pain and fear.
Ma said, although she Joseph pardoned,
It would be dangerous when it hardened.

Pa walloped Joseph for his fun;
Ma checked Pa's temper with a gun;
And said, "My dear, I want to know
Why you and Joseph quarrel so!"

L. D. SMITH

ALFRED NOYES

"Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone;
Our ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave,
Robin is dead and Greene is in his grave."

THIS song with its names changed might have been used after the death of Tennyson to voice a feeling then prevalent, that none would come after him to sing the song which with him seemed to end. Men felt that no great poet would rise to take the master's place. Perhaps Swinburne, more than either Morris or Rosetti, came the nearest to filling the elder poet's position. but his is not the glory of Tennyson, nor is he one of England's greatest poets. It was a period of transition like that between the death of Shakespeare and the rise of Milton; a time of transition versifiers; a period of expectancy. Such was the state of literature when in 1902 there came from a London press a volume of verse, *The Loom of Years*, which modestly heralded the coming of a new aspirant for those honors laid aside by Tennyson, and awakened the literary world with a flourish of praise from the trumpets of the critics, who gave him the most cordial reception ever accorded a modern poet. The author of that book was a young Oxonian, an athlete, a man of high intellectual qualities, whom the world has learned to know as Alfred Noyes.

The next year saw a second volume, *The Flower of Old Japan*. Noyes, in the preface to his American edition, says:

"It belongs to that kind of dreamland which an imaginative child might construct out of the oddities of a willow-pattern plate, and it differs chiefly from the wonderlands of the Lewis Carroll type in a certain seriousness behind its fantasy."

In 1904 a third volume came to an expectant public. These three books, appearing in three consecutive years, bear witness to Mr. Noyes' marvelous creative ability, and are sufficient to establish his reputation as a master poet. The subjects in this third book are as various as the many moods of the writer, and range from such hilarious adventures as those of the forty singing seamen, to the cry of universal sorrow reflected in *De Profundis*. The poet's energetic narrative ability is well displayed in the ballad, *The Highwayman*; and *The Barrel-organ*, from the same volume is a masterpiece of verbal melody with

many passages which cling to the memory; lines like these:

“And the music’s not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music, where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset glow.”

The book is full of genuine poetry, songs of love and nature, all of which reflect Mr. Noyes’ keen, vigorous personality. As a metrist Noyes has equalled in many places, the rare musical gift of his brilliant predecessor, Swinburne. He does not sing of man’s eternal progress with the depth of Tennyson, but there is a note of strength in these lines in which he portrays human faith in the Eternal Justice:

“Not for the sake of the proud and the mighty,
Not for their doubts will he break that trust;
He the eternal beyond their ken!
Not of the proud, the famous, the mighty!
Loud to God from their silent dust
Rings the cry of the unknown men!”

Noyes’ last book, *The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, is worthy of its author, bearing, as it does, the marks of the master artist’s creative mind. It was indeed a happy day for lovers of strange tales when Noyes first conceived these stories. Lose yourself for an instant and go back three centuries and a half. You may find yourself, one foggy morning, in a London alley, and see dimly through the mist the creaking sign of the Mermaid Inn. A figure looms through the mist, and you follow the stately Raleigh through the dim portals. What a strange company in this old room. There is Marlowe, Greene, and all that company which made the age of Elizabeth rich in adventure, imagination, and grandeur; and there is that deep-eyed, gentle bard, “the sweet” Will Shakespeare. Who would not drink sack and muscatel in such a glorious company? Then as the vision fades you feel that those “realms of old romance” are not so far from this modern day as most men believe.

It is by these things that Alfred Noyes is making his place in literature, and proving that his is the soul of a great poet, of a master singer; that he indeed has “supped with him who wrote the *Faerie Queen*” and “drunk with him whose name was Astrophel.”

R. F. BEARDSLEY

THE PEST'S AWAKENING

TAP! Tap! Tap! It was Mr. Brighton, house prof. in Darley Dormitory, knocking on the door of Room 7. He stopped knocking and listened very expectantly. Silence reigned supreme. He squatted down and placed his ear at the keyhole with no better results. This nettled him somewhat and, laboriously standing erect again, he pounded the door and shouted, "Johnson! Johnson! Open the door this instant. I know very well that you're in."

Inside Room 7 lolled "Pest" Johnson, his body shrunken into a chair, his legs sprawled over a table, and a butt in his mouth. He was a rather handsome fellow, with his curly hair and his well-formed features. But on closer scrutiny one could discern a slight sarcastic tilt to his mouth and a glint of cunning in his dark eyes.

At the first tap he had thrown his cigarette out of the window and pulled himself together. Then with stealthy tread he had placed on the table a book or two with pages open, and some sheets of paper scribbled over with unintelligible figures. Having thus prepared everything in accordance with a precedent long established in Room 7, he walked over to the door and unlocked it, just in time to prevent its being broken in by the angry Mr. Brighton.

At first that worthy gentleman could not say a word, he was so infuriated. All he could do was puff and blow and look in vain for anything out of place. The smiling, unworried face of the Pest annoyed him even more till finally he found his tongue and hurled a veritable tirade at him.

"Why — why, look here, Johnson, I'd like to know what you mean by locking your door at this time of the evening when you know I'm coming around? Absolutely, you are the worst boy that ever entered Andover. You're always up to something or other. And I am positive it was either you or Devitt that lit the bonfire in the lower hall this afternoon. Come, now, which of you perpetrated it?" Mr. Brighton glared at the complacent Pest.

"Why, Mr. Brighton, you know I wouldn't do such a thing. I didn't even know there was a fire there until you

mentioned it. Really, I've been studying all afternoon and night up t'll now when you interrupted me. I've got a lot of studying to do tonight." His voice was that of a falsely-accused innocent, but Mr. Brighton, suspiciously sniffing the air, was out for blood and still held his point.

"Johnson, you don't know how to study. What is it tonight for amusement, throwing trunks out of the window or a trip to Lawrence? Nobody ever knows what you'll do next. I wonder what you *are* going to do tonight?"

"Look at my books, Mr. Brighton. I just told you what I was going to do," sighed the Pest, on his face a studious expression which had been acquired in days gone by after much grimacing in the mirror to gain the required effect.

"Yes, that's what sets me to wondering." Mr. Brighton's tone implied vast doubt of the Pest's veracity. "If I catch you, Johnson, you know what will happen as well as I." With that he slammed the door and tramped downstairs to devise ways of catching the pest.

Only too well did the Pest know what would happen if the "Vampire," as Mr. Brighton was commonly called, should catch h'm at anything punishable by cut or demerit. He already had seven demerits and seven cuts and couldn't exactly stand any more without bidding Andover good-bye. But the Pest knew and all the faculty knew, much to their sorrow, that he, was not l'kely to get caught. He was far too clever for that, though he never cracked a book, never obeyed a single rule, and never missed an opportunity of causing trouble for anybody and everybody, but especially for his bitterest enemy, Mr. Brighton. In return for the Pest's evil attentions, Mr. Brighton's sole ambition in life apparently was to be the means of the Pest's expulsion. He used to lay awake nights thinking up schemes to catch the Pest off his guard, but his efforts up to this point had been useless, owing to the undesired gentleman's ability to extricate himself miraculously from any compromising situation into which he had happened to fall.

As soon as the Pest heard the Vampire's door slam, his smile, which had been in evidence during the entire conversation, broadened into a grin of malevolent enjoyment at the Vampire's

discomfiture. He locked the door very carefully and, leaving everything as it was, light going and books and papers spread out on the table, went to the window and climbed out on the ledge. From there he swung himself to the fire-escape and climbed down to the ground, where he lit another butt before setting out for the town's center.

After he had gotten the auto previously and privately arranged for with the garage man, he drove to the place where he and Bill Devitt had agreed to meet. Upon arriving at the spot he perceived Bill in the gloom, a fine, strapping fellow and captain of the baseball team which was to meet Exeter in a couple of days.

"Hey, Pest," shouted Bill, and hurried up to the car.

They jumped in and rolled away — or perhaps we'd better say, bumped away, for the only car the Pest had been able to secure had seen its palmiest days many, many years before.

They had been going for about half an hour at a pretty good clip when over the hill before them showed the twin gleams of an approaching auto. As it whizzed past, their shouts of greeting died in their throats, for they recognized the familiar lines of Prof. Farnley's car. As they looked back, frightened, they saw it slacken up and, turning around, come after them.

"Slam it to her, old top!" shouted Bill excitedly. "Make her give all the speed she's got! We simply can't get caught by old Farnley. Lots of speed, Pest; show us what you can do!"

The Pest responded nobly to Bill's urging and pulled down the gas lever as far as it would go. The old machine coughed and choked, roared and back-fired intermittently, as the Pest tried frantically to coax out more speed. She groaned in every joint and in such a way as to cause the occupants to fear that she would fall to pieces.

The lights of the pursuing car gradually were left behind and finally lost to sight. The Pest, in his element, leaned over the wheel and grinned diabolically as he forced the old car noisily along around curves and over bridges at full speed.

Bang! The steering wheel was jerked from the Pest's hands, and the auto jumped towards the ditch. The Pest grabbed the wheel and pulled back onto the road just in time,

the car almost toppling over. Then he put on the brakes and came gradually to a standstill.

"Good night! That was a close shave," Bill muttered as he patted the Pest on the back. Just as he spoke, they heard the roar of the pursuing auto.

For once the Pest was in a quandary. What was there to do? He was certainly a goner, and Bill, too, the main hope of the team. Something must be done, but he couldn't go far on a blown-out tire. And all the time these thoughts were running through his brain, the roar, louder every instant, was coming nearer.

A solution to the difficulty suddenly occurred to him. The auto had flashed by them so quickly before that, without a doubt, Prof. Farnley couldn't make out who or how many they were. Now it didn't matter to anybody but himself, thought the Pest, whether he got expelled or not, but there was Bill Devitt to consider, big Bill, the great pitcher and very backbone of the team. Without him, it would surely go to defeat; with him, it would enjoy a walk-over. Bill must not be caught. What did it matter about him, the Pest?

"Get out, Bill. You mustn't be found in this joy-ride. You've got to fight for Andover day after tomorrow. Hide in the bushes, and I'll go on and draw them away from you." The Pest quickly pushed Bill out of the car and bumped down the road a distance. When the following car sped around the corner, the occupants saw only the disabled auto with the Pest standing beside it.

As he saw the lights come nearer and nearer, and finally stop alongside, the Pest was resigned to his fate. He should worry about being expelled! The school would breathe easier with him gone, but it never could get along without Bill. He swallowed bravely a choking sensation that came when he thought of leaving Andover, and waited for Prof. Farnley's voice of deep reproof.

"Yea, bo! Why didn't you keep it up? I would have passed you within another mile or so. You haven't got cold feet, have you? Oh, I see. A little tire trouble. Want any help?" It was not Prof. Farnley's voice but that of his chauffeur,

out for a joy-ride with some K. M.'s. The lights blurred before the Pest's eyes as reaction came, and a feeling of great relief and thanksgiving entered his soul.

"Thank the Lord!" he said with feeling. "Do I want help? You bet your life. Just as soon give me a hand at changing this tire?" Then he shouted, "All right, Bill! It's only the Prof.'s chauffeur. Coast is clear! Come on out!"

Bill came running up and grasped him by the hand. "Pest, you're a brick. Here's my hand on it, you're the whitest, de-centest, most unselfish chap in Andover. I'd be willing to give up my place on the team, if I could be like you."

The Pest held his hand tightly for a moment, then said huskily, "Let's fix the tire." And in his heart there was a feeling of joy such as he had never before experienced. He had done somebody a good turn for the first time in his life.

C. NORMAN FITTS

JOHN MASEFIELD

POETS of different ages have sprung from many and diverse sources; they have lived in all manner of strange ways, but perhaps never before in the history of English literature has one had a more unusual early life than John Masefield. As a boyish runaway, and youthful bartender, he once had that environment and experience which some of his verse reflects so strongly. That same destiny which has shaped the growth of realism seems to have given ample training to the future leader of that school, in the most adventurous of lives. As is to be expected from a man of this type, his verse-form suffers from lack of smoothness, but from the standpoint of realism this crudeness is justifiable, not only by the subject-matter of his works, but by the very fact that it is a reaction from the purely esthetic beauty of mere construction which characterized the school of Swinburne. It is this phase of Masefield's theory of art that leads him to depict those constantly recurring scenes, in which he leaves no part of low life unpainted. It is this desire to fulfil the creed of realism that makes him break, with temporary freshness, from the "babbling brooks" of Tennyson to write such a line as, "Where a brook chatters over rusty pans."

The growth of Masefield's popularity has been as swift as that of his genius has been brilliant. In 1908 the public received his first volume, and in these six years he has produced much that is good and some that is bad. His *The Story of a Round House* is especially interesting because it is possible to imagine that Masefield's artistic temperament underwent the same shocks in his youthful wanderings as those which the Dauber endures on the voyage round the Horn. This passage, in which the poet endeavors to blend the soul of the artist with that of a deep-sea night, is a fair example of the general tone of that volume:

"And stand there silent, leaning on the boat,
Watching the constellations rise and burn,
Until the beauty took him by the throat,
So stately is their glittering over-turn;
Armies of marching eyes, armies that yearn
With banners rising and falling, and passing by
Over the empty silence of the sky."

The Widow in Bye Street is a tale of sordid life, of human tragedy. The sorrows of the mother, and the all-consuming passion of the son, are sketched with perfect, almost morbid realism. *The Everlasting Mercy* is a story in which the villain, leaving his evil ways, becomes the hero at the end of the poem. Perhaps the best of these long poems is *The Daffodil Fields*, with its plot akin to that of *Enoch Arden*, but told in a way which exemplifies the differences between the artistic theory of Tennyson, and that of the realists. *Enoch Arden* is an ideal lover, sacrificing his own happiness for that of his wife. The reverse is true of Michael, whose passion, ruining his own life blights that of Mary and of Lion, and marks in him the human, almost vile nature so necessary to the hero in the creeds of realism. There is also a difference of tone between these two poems. Take, for example, these two lines:

"The cigarette end dimmed and glowed with ash,
The preying night bird whimpered on the hill."

Tennyson might have written the last line, the first never. It is pure Masfield.

Masfield has defined his literary purpose in *A Consecration*, a dedicatory poem in his *Salt Water Ballads*. It is not to the "Princes and Prelates" but to "the men hemmed in by the spears" that his message is. In this volume are mingled sea songs and sailors' yarns. There is running through them a spirit of yearning for unattainable things, of the haunting beauty of a lonely sea. As a writer of lyrics, Masfield has a high place. Some praiseworthy critic has compared his ability in this direction with that of Keats. Perhaps it is better to measure him by Kipling, for he has all of the latter's excellencies, and some of his defects. There is the lilt of wanderlust so common to Kipling in this first stanza of *Spanish Waters*:

"Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
Like a slow sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten years;
Telling tales, and bearing tunes, and bringing weary thoughts to me
Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be."

Scattered through his poetry are exquisite nature sketches, as in *The Daffodil Fields*, where the prologue and epilogue of descriptive verse make a background for the poem, or where he paints some familiar country scene.

These are the many aspects of his work, and they mark him as one of the poets of to-morrow, if not of to-day. His strong individuality makes him a worthy contemporary of Noyes, and his potent realism, which sets him at the head of that school, ought to insure his position as one of our greatest living poets.

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EDITORIALS

Like the fabulous bird of the Arabian desert that, every five centuries, was said to rise rejuvenescent from the ashes of self-immolation, poetry in recent years has experienced a re-birth. Obscure mythical allusion, obsolete poetic diction, and exclusively sublime theme have all been largely sacrificed [on the funeral pyre of the old order of pedantic verse. To-day in this matter-of-fact age, when the tree of knowledge suffers its various branches of learning to be so ruthlessly pruned and grafted for practical and economic reasons, most poetry of the old masters, to be in the least appreciated or even understood at all, must be royally accompanied by a complete retinue of prefaces, introductions, and glossaries. Even then the suspicious editor often does not feel the work to be safe from the dull comprehension of the average individual, and so summons forth

a complicated system of notes fully equipped with cross references, as a rear guard. To read such a monstrosity one must possess, in addition to that noble quality of Job, the dexterity of a conjurer in manipulating the fingers, so as to keep seven places at once.

Embodied in all true poetry of any sort is a dynamic force for good, capable of a tremendous influence limited only by the multitude of intellects to which it can appeal. Those poets who discover the largest righteous response in the hearts of mankind ought, in justice, to receive the crown of laurel. Pre-eminent among such modern men are Alfred Noyes and John Masefield; the former, a romantic idealist, the latter, a realist of the first degree. Elsewhere in this issue of the *Mirror* are published essays discussing suggestively the efforts of these two poets who, while differing in method, have been able to reveal the beauties and delights of a world long hidden to the prosaic portion of humanity.

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The Phillips Andover MIRROR

June

1914

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THEOPHILE NARCISSE

THE last gleams of the October sun had faded from tapestry and painting; the reflected hues of the deep-stained windows no longer lay upon the heavily-carpeted floor. At the farther end of the library, on an oriental divan, lay a young man, and before him the *Rubaiyat* of the Persian philosopher. One, at first sight, could not fail to note the high temples and deep-set eyes, the mobile mouth, and the lithe, esthetic pose of the man. And one knowing whom he regarded would have looked long and intensely. Théophile Narcisse stood in the public eye of Paris as the leader of a circle whose thoughts and deeds have found expression beneath the pens of such men as Gautier and Baudelaire. There was a favorite tale of midnight revelry in this very library, when the litterateurs of Paris had sought to penetrate the depths of art in a mad mingling of wine and incense, of women and song. This evening the hero so intensely worshipped by the daughters of the best families in the city, had no yearnings for their adoration. This evening, he found himself in a state of meditative drowsiness, and in this condition had forgotten his new copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and had taken up the book of the verses of Omar, under the influence of which he passed his life over in careful review, and, for the first time in his life, awoke to the utter uselessness of his existence. He called himself an artist, but what had he created? He was a poet, and had not loved. Now his life seemed a mockery. He had lived a voluptuous life, but that was nothing to him, the poet, the artist. For what has morality or immorality to do with art? Into the midst of these disquieting reflections there crept a memory of old-time revelry, that drew him somewhat from his lethargy and melancholy.

He rose, and drawing the shimmering folds of his lounging-robe about his slender figure, crossed the room to a great chair before the empty fire-place, and sat down to renew his meditations. Scarcely had he done this when he became aware of another presence in the room. Slowly and sweetly there came from an ancient harpischord in a far corner of the library the strains of low, pulsating music, bringing the meditations of Narcisse to a standstill. As he turned quickly about, he saw before the instrument a beautiful creature, such a one as he, in some wild revelry, had painted for his brother artists by his vivid imagination, too delicate for description, satisfying the keenest requirements of the artist, the incarnate soul of beauty. Still staring fixedly at the vision, he felt himself impelled toward her, drawn nearer and yet nearer, until he sat beside her, his fingers moving over the keys, playing in perfect harmony the low, sweet song of his enchantress. Under the spell of the music Narcisse experienced a strange, thrilling desire, a yearning to accomplish an ideal, to consummate the ecstasy of appreciation through which he was passing. He felt a new power in his heart, and tried to express in music, only his desire. Some supernatural force was acting through him, making him perfect in his art.

Suddenly he found himself alone, the creature of the vision had gone from his side, and his song lost its glory, and his soul its strength. Rising, he went to the great desk in the middle of the library, and sat down to write a line to a brother-artist living in a nearby mansion, but instead of writing a note, he felt the strange spirit of strength creeping over him, a renewed thrill of rapture in his soul. Once more he experienced the beautiful vision beside him, unconsciously his fingers grasped a pen and moved with facile swiftness over the paper, leaving there an impression of his ecstasy, the first true poem, the second incarnation of art which he, through the spirit beside him, had produced. It delighted him; made him yearn to know the secret of it all; to learn what conditions of the mind or soul brought it to pass. Then, once more, he felt the thrill of power in his fingers and wrote in that same swift hand these words, "*There is no art in life.*"

Here was the final revelation. His heart leaped with a mad desire, his soul whirled in response to the self-asked question "Is there a consummation of art after death?" And with that same thrill in all his being which had before answered the influence of the vision at his side, he drew from his robe a Spanish dagger beautifully wrought, and with it in his heart, answered the impulse of his soul.

R. F. BEARDSLEY

DEATH

Chill frost had kissed the curling leaves,
And Zephrus' lips had bid them fall
To shroud the earth, which now receives
The dying Summer's sombre pall.
And 'neath an oak of regal state
Some lonely grave a tombstone mocks,
And tells the tale of a woeful fate.
Now up the gentle slope there walks
With labouring step a comely youth
Whose sorrow soon commands our ruth;
And as he sinks on bended knee,
With teardrops starting in his eyes,
The kindly shelt'ring barren tree
Murmurs a prayer amid its sighs.
Ay, now he lifts his drooping head
And reads the words so often read.
O, sacred is this Epitaph,
And cursed be he who dares to laugh.
*Oh, here lie my mother, my sister, and brother,
My aunty and granny and many another.
My father though fallow, ate handfuls of tallow,
He's mould'ring at home for this grave is too
shallow.*

L. D. SMITH

ULSTER'S STRUGGLE AGAINST HOME RULE

A man who had recently come to America from the north of Ireland was asked why he had left the "old sod."

"I wanted to live in a free country," he said.

"But is not Ireland a free country?"

"No," he replied, "they put me in jail over there three months, for knocking the wind out of a Papist."

This attitude is mutual and throws a flood of light upon the Irish situation. It is said many large manufacturers feel compelled to employ either Protestants or Catholics exclusively to avoid friction between the workmen. It would be difficult to find a country where more narrow-mindedness is displayed than between the two factions of Ireland.

But let us see how these factions were created. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Ulster, the northeastern section of Ireland, was colonized by Scotch and English Protestants. The descendants of these colonists have always remained true to England and her religion, while the Catholics, through centuries of grinding oppression, have for the British, only bitter hatred. They remember how their scanty earnings were drained to support a State Church, which they never attended and were taught to abhor; how their land has been owned by absentee landlords whose only interest was to collect rents. The memory of these wrongs has been kept alive by the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne and the activity of the Order of the Orangemen.

Ulster contains nine counties of which only four, Antrim, Doun, Amagh, and Londonderry, are Protestant. Here the Protestants outnumber the Catholics, three to one. Although the Ulster Protestants are only one-sixth of Ireland's population, they make up for their lack of numbers in their determination, and their financial resources. They are the most prosperous and vital part of Ireland. They include many well-educated merchants and manufacturers, who are hard-headed in business and obstinate in politics.

When Mr. Gladstone, in 1886 introduced the first Home-Rule Bill, the men of Ulster supported it. In 1892, however, when the second bill appeared, they took a definite stand against it. The change of attitude was due mainly to the decrease of

Catholics in Ulster. In 1912, Premier Asquith introduced a third Home Rule Bill, in fulfilment of election promises. This Bill provides for a Parliament of two houses at Dublin. The forty-six members of the upper house will be appointed by the Irish executive. Of the one hundred and sixty-four electoral members of the lower house, fifty-nine, or one-third, will represent Ulster. This Parliament will have no control over religious matters. The supreme power of the Imperial Parliament will not be lessened over Ireland. The taxation of Ireland will be increased by \$250,000 annually in order to make her free of debt within a few years. This bill has been passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions. It will be submitted to the House of Lords as a matter of form, but their rejection of it a third time will have no effect. It only needs the king's signature now in order to become law.

In Ireland the division of the voting population on the Home Rule question is especially acute since it coincides with the religious division. The Loyalists or Unionists, amounting to one-third the people, are Protestant; the Nationalists, the other two-thirds, are Roman Catholic. In England, religion does not enter into this question to any such degree. The Conservatives side with the Unionists, the Liberals with the Nationalists. Thus in the House of Commons we find on one side the Unionists led by Sir Edward Carson, and the Conservatives led by Hon. A. Bonar Law, opposing the Home Rule Bill; on the other side, the Nationalists led by Messrs. Redmond and Churchill, and the Liberals directed by Premier Asquith, favoring the bill.

Ulster's opposition is based on three well-grounded fears. First, although they will be fairly well represented in the Dublin Parliament, they will always be in the minority. They fear that their shipyards and factories will be burdened by excessive taxation to benefit Catholic Ireland. Secondly, they believe that loyalty to Protestantism will diminish under Catholic administration. They fear Catholic interference with their school system. In short, they are satisfied with the present administration and vigorously object to changing it for what seems to them a worse one.

The Ulstermen have fought the present Home Rule on these grounds three times. As soon as it was proposed, two years ago they showed their hostility by parades and mass meetings. On September 8, 1913, the Ulster demonstration began again as the bill was pending a second time in the House of Commons. At Enniskillen Sir Edward Carson held a meeting at which the resolution, "We will not have Home Rule," was carried unanimously. Similar meetings were held throughout Ulster for twenty days. Finally, in Belfast, a convention of Unionists entered into what is known as "The Covenant," agreeing to stand by each other in defending themselves, and to use all means to defeat the Home Rule Bill. Two riots occurred in connection with these meetings, in which nearly one hundred persons were injured.

As the time for the third reading approached, last October, Sir Edward Carson organized an army, said to number one hundred thousand men, and held a review of fifteen thousand of them at Belfast. Although this army was poorly equipped and poorly drilled, the zeal of the Ulstermen was so great that they stood ready to withstand the operation of the Home Rule Bill by force of arms, or what had the same political effect, many believed they would do so.

Premier Asquith, the guiding spirit of Home Rule, although determined to establish an Irish Parliament, by force if necessary, saw the importance of founding this new government on a firm, united basis. He therefore recently offered Ulster exclusion from Home Rule with automatic inclusion at the end of six years. But the Nationalists do not want a divided Ireland and the Unionists will not agree to be automatically included. Thus it seems that this compromise will amount to little. At the present time it seems that Ulster will be included in Home Rule. For however strongly she may be opposed to this, the boycott on her manufactures, established by the rest of Ireland, has already dealt her industries so hard a blow and promise so much further injury to them, that for this reason alone she will probably be compelled to submit. Home rule for Ireland will be a fact, and the struggle of 300 years will be at an end.

E. BARROWS GREENE

HYPERNEUOLOGY

THE burglar chose the shadow end of the veranda, leaped over the low rail, and crouched toward the window. From an inner pocket, he produced a thick, shiny object. Working softly and swiftly, he covered the glass with a sheet of oily paper. A few deft twirls of a glass cutter, a soft tinkling, and warm air poured from a round hole in the pane. He reached in his arm, unlocked the window, and vaulted inside. A flash from his lantern punctured the darkness. "For Gawd's sake," he muttered in disgust, for he found himself in a very ordinary study.

Common-place furnishings filled the room without a trace of luxury. The old, dignified house had deceived him. He had hoped to find chests overflowing with silver, surrounded by garlands of jewels. His profession had taught him not to mourn, but to seize opportunities, whether good or bad, first, and think about them later.

Softly he tried the knob of the nearest door. It was unlocked. He extinguished his light and, with a dark object thrust forward, pulled. Only dead silence greeted his eager ears. With a sudden twist, he flung himself with the softness of a cat into the room.

Good! It was the dining-room. Some cut-glass on the side-board caught a moonbeam and twinkled. The winking glass sent a warm glow to his heart. At least he had not come in vain. The roomy side-board gave promise of silver. He was across the room in an instant. A quick prying of locks, a noiseless wrenching, and the contents of the drawer lay revealed. Thus far he had heard no noise. He picked up the pieces of silver one by one and placed them on the floor. Deftly, he was wrapping them in his coat, when a sound came to his ear. Some one was in the room. A low, regular breathing, broken now and then by throaty sobs, softly broke the stillness. He grasped more firmly the lumpy object that he had just taken from his pocket, and waited some movement from the direction of the disturbance. The long sighs continued. With tense nerves, he was momentarily expecting a blow from out of the blackness. Then he sneered, for it was only a snore he had heard. Why be afraid of a sleeping man! He checked himself in his confidence; his unseen companion was evidently trying to turn

in his chair, for the chair creaked in protest. Suddenly a man's voice called out.

"Hello there, Lucie. Is that you? Come over here and raise these bandages. I don't think this darkness will hurt my eyes. What time is it?"

The burglar straightened up and advanced toward the voice.

"I say, Lucie," the voice went on, "you've returned rather early. I didn't expect your train came for some hours yet."

The burglar permitted a thin ray of light to escape from the lantern and directed it to the chair. A gray-haired man was huddled in the cushions' depths. His nose and chin protruded from the swathing bandages that enveloped his head. His features wrinkled in annoyance when no answer came to his requests.

"O, Lucie ——" he began.

"I'm afraid there's no Lucie here." The burglar spoke for the first time, simultaneously rubbing the startled man's cheek with the leaden object he held in his hand.

"Who the dickens are you?" exclaimed the pale, but evidently unafraid, man.

"I am at present without cards, and since it would be hard to identify myself without them, I am forced to ask you not to talk so loud. Perhaps you better not even think. Most people make a lot of noise when they do that." With this, the burglar proceeded to make a bundle of the silver plate.

"Evidently you are a burglar," doubtedly spoke the bandaged man.

"Excellent, and I didn't hear you thinking. No, I am afraid you are wrong. I am only one of the evils of society living up to my reputation."

"What do you want here? Only an amateur would come here to rob," came the query.

Well, sir," was the reply, "I'll tell you. In plain English, I want money. I haven't a wife and eight children, all starving, nor am I suffering from consumption. I haven't got a disease of any kind. The last job of this kind I pulled off laid me away in prison for two years. I had served one year when the wanderlust got me and — well, I was a 'trusty' and I hit the warden

over the head with a pail of hot water and — er — anyway, I am at your service, as you might say,” and he tucked the bundle of silverware under his arm. “That incident happened about three months ago. I have a great regret that I had to inconvenience the warden. But it’s all past now and I’m glad I’ve told my little tale to some one, even if it’s only you,” and the burglar looked sympathetically at the huddled up figure in the chair. For the first time he noted how big and young the man was. Not young measured by the eyes of a youth of twenty, but young as successful men go.

The burglar had picked up his lantern and was about to depart when the man broke the silence.

“Before you go, reach over and untie this bandage, will you?” he requested.

“Certainly,” replied the burglar. “Put up your hands first.”

“There that’s better, and safer for me. Don’t be afraid, the light is out. All right?”

“Thanks. I’m more comfortable now,” gratefully replied the man.

“Sir, before I go, let me compliment you on your nerve, you’ve got a lot of it,” began the burglar. “I know any number of big-shouldered men who are motrally afraid of a turned-up coat-collar and a slouch hat.”

“O, you don’t frighten me much,” the man assured him. “You see, in a way, I am accustomed to men of your — that is, I know what kind of a man you are. For instance, if I asked you to keep me company here until my wife, Lucie, comes, she’s due on the three o’clock limited, I know that your type of man would not refuse; so I’m going to invite you. You are afraid to refuse lest I think that you are too scared to stay. Isn’t that so?”

“Say, you’ve got me going all right, Mister. Just to show that you are a good judge of men, I will take the chance. It’s only twelve-thirty and so I can be warm here for a couple of hours, anyway. Got a smoke?”

“There are some cigars over on the table there.”

The man put his hand to his eyes as the burglar scratched the match, keeping them there until nothing but the glowing spark of the cigar protruded from the blackness.

"Mr-er?" the man then spoke as they settled themselves.

"Mr. Burglar," interrupted he of that name.

"Mr. Burglar, I have a story to tell, as most men have. Mine differs in that it is shorter than many."

"I'm listening," said the burglar.

"As you are safe from possible interruption, it might be well to tell you that my business has more or less to do with jails, in fact, I am a warden. You start? Don't fear, you are safe here with a partially blind man. Three years ago my eldest daughter died. That may or may not be of any account to you, but it will serve to show you that when my only son followed her to the grave, six months later, I was as near heart-broken as any man could be. When my wife, as a result of these losses, suffered a paralytic shock, I was ready to end my troubles with a gun. Of course, these disasters were followed by financial strains. It was about two years that the son of a very dear friend of mine visited me and implored the loan of a few hundred dollars to get himself out of the country. It is enough to say that he needed it badly, and, although I couldn't afford it, I lent him the money. What fiend ever possessed him to do what he afterwards did, I never found out. That very night he entered my home in just such a manner as you have to-night, and robbed me of every cent I had in the world. That act of his nearly cost my wife her life, through lack of funds to care for her. It lost me the position I had in a big penitentiary."

At this moment, an almost imperceptible noise like the shuffling of padded feet arrested the attention of the burglar. He made a quick dart for his lantern, but was halted by a sharp command from the speaker. "For God's sake, man, do you want to blind me for life! Don't light that lamp! That sound was nothing but the rustling of the curtains near the window you left open."

The burglar resumed his seat suspiciously. His mask of indifference was gone from his face, which was as white as chalk. "Go on," he muttered to the speaker.

"I had now procured a position as under-warden in a small county jail. Three months ago, a prisoner, rather cleverer than the rest, managed to escape. In fact, he did more than escape; he left me a reminder in the shape of a scalded face and almost blinded eyes. He eluded the guards, and swept aside his only barrier to freedom when he poured over my head a pail of hot water. You see me here just recovering."

"Mr. Warden, I'm sor ——" began the burglar.

"Not a word of pity from you, I don't want your pity or anybody's. I haven't told you this tale in an effort to ward off robbery. I imagine you are but following out the house-breaker's code. 'To the house owner belongs his property — if he can hold it.' But still ——"

"But, Mr. Warden, I want to make a confession!" finally blurted out the burglar.

"A what! exclaimed the other.

"I am Jim Weatherly, the one who borrowed two hundred dollars from you three years ago, the man who scalded you with water, but not the man who robbed your house!"

But the warden seemed little excited by the news. On the contrary, he smiled a self-lauding smile into the darkness. He leaned toward the wall, and turned a switch. Instantly a brilliant, sparkling glare poured from a score of overhead lights! The burglar, half-blinded by the burst of glittering radiance, jumped to his feet with a snarl of anger.

"Quiet! Quiet! commanded a voice from his rear.

As his vision cleared, his eyes took in a strange scene. Seated so as to form an almost complete circle was a gathering of some fifteen men, the majority of whose eyes peeped from the recesses formed by bushy eyebrows, or seemed out of proportion, when measured by the huge foreheads above. It was an interesting and an interested assembly. As the man of the chair began to speak, each one hung hungrily on every word, watching at the same time the conduct of the prisoner with true students' eagerness.

"Comrades," the speaker began, rising to his full height and almost touching the low ceiling, "after I have explained, you may call the police. Young man, the explanations are for you

also, since you look to have a normal amount of intelligence, and by your telling your mates how simple it is to catch a criminal, or an escaped convict, our end will be accomplished. Primarily fellow students and prisoner, my theory in regard to Hyperneuology is correct. The proof of this, if any were needed, has been furnished by the prisoner, through his confession just made. Of course the result was brought about to some extent by my assuming the role of the injured prison-warden; and perhaps the darkness gave some assistance. Anyway, the prisoner was fooled. But to continue. As all scientists, who have attempted any proof, know, the influence that one body may work on another is largely determined by concentration of the will. The science of Hyperneuology, as you will agree, is merely the wireless telegraphy of hypnotism. From the moment that the federal authorities gave me a description of the prisoner, and entrusted me with his capture, I have never lost the mental thread of connection with him. I first located him in a country barn, where he rested the night after his escape from the jail. I mentally saw him start from there in the early morning, way lay a country man, and take his clothes. I confess that at times it was with difficulty that I followed him through the numberless large cities, where he went afterward. It was not until last week that I succeeded in controlling him to will his return to this vicinity. You see, he gave me a tremendous struggle. You will note to what a standard of perfection we have raised our science, when, contrary to his custom, and against all the practices of his trade, he designed to rob this house, knowing well from its appearance that it was barren of all fruit for a burglar. The rest of the story of how I pretended blindness lest my eyes come in contact with his, thereby breaking the mental connection, you all know, for the prisoner and I heard you clumsily shuffling into the room."

There was a scuffling and scraping outside the room as he ceased, and suddenly three blue-coated policemen burst into the room.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the speaker, addressing the policemen, "I called you."

"But," said the leader, puzzled, "we just came on our own

hook; nobody sent us. I seemed to feel something was wrong here and ——”

“But, my dear man, I *did* call you,” interrupted the scientist. You see, it was Hyperneuology.”

T. W. ENWRIGHT

CLASS POEM

The coming unknown day there to await,
At early dawn, I stood beside the Phillips gate.
A road stretched dimly forth before my eyes,
Soon lost in dusky vagueness toward the distant skies.
As yet I could not see my way,
And so I lingered till the day.
And while I stood thus half reluctant to be free,
A fairy spirit *Memory* came to me.
Clothed in soft raiment clinging iridescent grace,
A queen of loveliness in form and face.
A dark bound, massive book she held beneath a bare,
 white arm,
Its ponderous weight sustained with ease; and, through
 some charm
That she alone possessed
Creating soon what fancy may suggest,
I found myself reclining at her side close by a towering
 elm,
And slowly opened she the pages of her book, disclosing
 thus a realm
Of days now gone forever.
And while I gazed with eager glance upon fair scenes
 that never
Should I see again,
Did *Memory* give me pleasure mingled with sweet pain.
And dear forgotten thoughts possession of my fancy took,
As turned we to the random pictures in her book.

Now first appeared before my sight
A room of boys with faces bright
And eager for the coming feast,
Which gleefully they soon decreased
Until on couch and chair and floor
Was empty cardboard — nothing more.
At such a party every year
Did new arrivals all appear.

'Twas night, a time to celebrate,
When up the street in martial state
A gay procession came along,
While joyful shout, triumphant song,
A loud brass-band, and torches bright,
That passing splashed the trees with light,
Proclaimed in joy hard to restrain
Who were the victors once again.

I now beheld a brilliant hall
With lofty dome and every wall
By palm or gaudy flag concealed,
While from musicians unrevealed
Did blatant tone of horn and drum
In lively syncopation come.
And moving o'er the shining floor
Were dainty maidens to adore,
A galaxy of colors bright.
And girlish laughter of delight,
Bewitching looks, and music sweet
Were mingled all in joy complete.
In this enchanting atmosphere
Sped on the dance its gay career.

But now the pictures clearer grew,
When fields are green and skies are blue
And Spring bestows with lavish care
The beauties of a season rare.
Before my vision quickly passed
These scenes beloved that now at last
Were soon perhaps no more to be
Beheld, except as one may see
When e'er he wills with pensive look
To turn a page in *Memory's* book.

And suddenly, as one who finds himself transported in
a fickle dream from place to place,
Despite the laws of time or space,
I found myself again before the gate with *Memory*
close beside me still,
As if she would fulfill
Her revelation incomplete.
And then she spoke in accent low and softly sweet:
Oh Fortunate indeed the youth who having dwelt
Yet recently upon this hill has felt
The quickening spirit of rebirth.
For with the speed of fabled fairy stalk that from the
earth
In one lone night
Did spring to giant height,
This noble hilltop is revealed
Transformed. As if it were congealed
From clearest imagery, it stands a rich acropolis of
treasure,
For seekers after Wisdom's pleasure.

And then as *Memory* ceased her speaking, a sense of
deep devotion
O'erwhelmed me, and with tender-voiced emotion
I besought her ever to remain with me,
But wistfully—she slowly turned away.
Then suddenly a gleam of coming day!
And down the brightening road ahead
There fled
The misty dusk of late gray lingering dawn,
Memory was gone.

WOOD KAHLER

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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Oh the bend at the end of the road!
How alluring the trend
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And forests, of fancy
By tempests unblown
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